wanting. The beſt reaſoner and greateſt ſceptic amongſt them has for once liſted under ſuch mob-banners, and coolly retails the very ſame kind of logic againſt me, that has ſo often been waſted in vain againſt himſelf. I own there is much difference between us; our abilities are as unequal as our bodily proweſs: a feather may fell me; he can reſiſt a broad-ſword.

My next obſervation is, that Mr. Hume reſts the whole of his confutation on the ſingle fact, the murder of the children. Whether he allows that I have cleared Richard's character from the other murders, he leaves me uncertain. What does this ſilence imply? Am I to infer from it that he gives up all the reſt, though he had adopted into his hiſtory many of thoſe idle tales? Or am I to conclude that he deſpiſes my arguments? But ſo he does with regard to Perkin Warbeck. He endeavours to eſtabliſh that impoſture, but does not attempt to refute the reaſons I have brought to ſupport Perkin's being the true duke of York. I challenged him to reconcile the contradictions in the ſtory: he reverts to great names, as if names were arguments. Are all the murders charged on Richard ſupported by one and the ſame authority? Does Mr. Hume think that, if he proves one, all the reſt follow of courſe? Or does he hope to rehabilitate the credit of his hiſtory, by attempting to ſhow that in one point he has not been miſtaken or lightly credulous? I muſt leave it to his own candour to anſwer theſe queſtions — and ſhall now ſhow, that if he has no better arguments in ſtore than what he has bounteouſly beſtowed on his friend the journaliſt, or thought good enough for both him and me, the aſſumption of Perkin Warbeck being the true ſon of Edward the fourth, will gain new ſtrength by the trifling arguments ſo great a man as Mr. Hume has been reduced to bring on the contrary ſide of the queſtion.

The firſt note ſays that, *in general there reigns a great obſcurity in the circumſtances of the wars between the two roſes.* I allow it. My doubts ſprung from that obſcurity. *But*, continues he, *the narrative of ſir Thomas More throws great light over all the tranſactions of the reign of Richard, and over the murder of the two young princes his nephews.* This is begging the very queſtion in diſpute. *The magnanimity, the probity and the great ſenſe of that author confirm his teſtimony; and there is no hiſtorian ancient or modern who ought to have more weight.* I muſt here ſtop in the middle of this note. In the firſt place I do not preciſely know the meaning of *magnanimity*. It is a

pompous but empty word, often employed by another modern hiſtorian * in lieu of qualities more eaſily to be defined. When Henry the ſecond had been over-reached, bubbled, baffled, humbled by Becket, and conſequently could no longer paſs for wiſe, provident or firm, his panegyriſt ſalves all with that bombaſt and vague epithet, *magnanimous*: happen what would, his magnanimity was invulnerable. But if *magnanimity* is ridiculous in the mouth *of* an hiſtorian, it is ſtill more abſurd when applied *to* an hiſtorian. What has *magnanimity* to do with that character? And in what ſenſe does it confirm his teſtimony? Sir Thomas More's *probity* will prove as little, if I have ſhown that he has given falſe evidence. Let Mr. Hume, before he quotes ſir Thomas's probity, refute the charge that I have brought againſt him from facts. A man cannot be a faithful hiſtorian if he perverts wilfully, or miſtakes facts ignorantly: nor, I ſhould think, would Mr. Hume allow in general that the *probity* of a bigot qualifies him for a ſincere hiſtorian. Where was ſir Thomas's *probity*, or his *great ſenſe*, when he was the dupe of the holy maid of Kent? Mr. Hume too, now become fond of authority, amaſſes all ſir Thomas's great qualities in the various parts of his life, to ſupport a hiſtory which More wrote in the very early part of his life, at twenty-eight. I had remarked this; but Mr. Hume did not chooſe to make the diſtinction. By a flouriſh, and tacitly ſinking the æra of the compoſition, he would lead his readers to believe, that the ſtory of Richard the third was written by More in the grave and ſedate part of his life, and bequeathed to poſterity with all the ſanction that the impreſs of the ſtateſman and martyr could beſtow on it. Young Mr. More, under ſheriff of London, is the hiſtorian Mr. Hume equals with Tacitus, Davila, Thuanus, and all the ſtandard authors of ancient and modern ages! Yet, ſtill the queſtion is not whether ſir Thomas lived near the time, but whether his narrative is a competent and probable account. I have queſtioned his competency, and proved him guilty of ignorant or wilful miſtakes. Is it an anſwer worthy of an able reaſoner to tell us, that ſir Thomas More lived at or near the time, and that as we have no better account we muſt believe his? Does Mr. Hume then believe all improbabilities becauſe delivered by cotemporaries, and becauſe he can find no better? Is he under ſuch a neceſſity, has he ſuch an alacrity of believing, that abſurdities are with him preferable to doubting? Muſt he have an unbroken chain of hiſtory repoſited in his head, be that hiſtory what it will, true or falſe, marvellous or rational? In theologic controverſy divines often repeat, that where you have no better teſtimony, you muſt take up with

* Lord Lyttelton.

with what you have. Does Mr. Hume allow this doctrine? I thought he knew that the accuracy of modern criticiſm had eſtabliſhed two kinds of evidence, the *external* and the *internal;* and that the former, however reſpectable, is often called in queſtion, when repugnant to the latter. But were Mr. Hume's ſtill newer ſtandard of authority to take place, we ſhould be compelled to believe the origin of Rome, with its Mars, Rhea and the wolf, the marvels of Herodotus, and the fables of ancient Egypt: and in that caſe I doubt Mr. Hume would be embroiled with Voltaire, the patriarch of modern ſceptics, who has called in queſtion a mob of aſſaſſinations and poiſonings far more credible than thoſe imputed to Richard the third.

Mr. Hume continues: *We may juſtly regard him* [ſir Thomas More] *even as a cotemporary; for though he was but five years old when the two princes were maſſacred, he lived and was brought up among the chief actors of Richard's reign; and one ſees clearly by his recital, which is often very circumſtantial, that he received the particularities from ocular witneſſes.* This is again equally vague, unfair, and void of argument. Mr. Hume avoids ſpecifying that More received his information from archbiſhop Morton, who I have proved was the moſt partial and ſuſpicious authority from whence More could poſſibly draw his materials; and yet I defy him to ſhow the leaſt probability that More, a retainer of Morton, was likely to converſe with any other chief actor of that period. Is it better proof of an author's veracity, that he is very circumſtantial? If it is, why has Mr. Hume repoſed ſo little truſt in, quoted ſo little from Wilſon, Weldon, Burnet, and others, who give circumſtantial accounts of the vices, folly, falſehood and tyranny of four Stuarts? Is there a legend in the monkiſh writers that is not circumſtantial?

We cannot therefore, continues the note, *reject his authority, and it ought to weigh over an hundred light doubts, ſcruples and objections, for no ſolid objection has yet been brought againſt him, nor can he be convicted of any error.* This ſentence ex cathedrâ is ridiculous, and fulminated like many bulls againſt thoſe who do not acknowledge the papal authority. It is eaſy to ſay doubts and ſcruples are light: if they are, they are eaſily anſwered. Mr. Hume's infallibility is not more generally recognized, than that of many great men whoſe authority he himſelf has ſet at nought. He will excuſe me therefore if I ſay he aſſerts only becauſe he cannot anſwer. Mr. Guthrie and I have

I have ſhown that ſir Thomas More's account of Tirrel is an abſolute falſehood. It is proved from record that Tirrel was a great officer of the crown when More repreſents him as a low creature following the court, but unknown to the king, an intimate of a nameleſs page, and a fellow ready to be diſpatched on any baſe and ſudden aſſaſſination. Is this a light doubt, a trifling objection to More's veracity and competence? Sir Thomas adds, that Tirrel, a commiſſioner for executing the office of high conſtable in the laſt reign, and actually maſter of the horſe at the period in queſtion, or, as others ſay, appointed ſo within a month, was kept down by Ratcliffe and Cateſby, neither of whom ever was Tirrel's equal, and one of whom I have proved was abſent at the time. If theſe are trifling objections, I invite Mr. Hume to anſwer them—yes, and to anſwer ſir Thomas More himſelf, who owns that *there was nothing ſo plainly and openly proved but that yet men had it ever inwardly ſuſpect.* Mr. Hume, it ſeems, better informed than ſir Thomas himſelf, knows that ſir Thomas was perfectly acquainted with the fact and all the circumſtances; and with equal confidence, equally unfounded, declares that *ſir Thomas cannot be convicted of any error!*

It is with concern that I am forced to produce the remainder of the firſt note; nor can I conceive how Mr. Hume could allow himſelf to make ſuch a miſrepreſentation of ſir Thomas More's evidence in the face of ſir Thomas's own words. *It is true*, ſays Mr. Hume, *that ſir Thomas declares that the protector's partiſans, in particular doctor Shaw, ſpread a report of a precontract between Edward the fourth and Elizabeth Lucy, while it appears from records that the parliament pronounced the children of Edward illegitimate, under pretext of a precontract with the lady Eleanor Butler. But*, continues Mr. Hume, *we muſt obſerve that no attempt was made to prove either of the contracts; and why ſhould not the protector's flatterers and tools have ſpread ſometimes the one, ſometimes the other of thoſe reports? More quotes both, and treats both as lightly as they deſerved. Mr. Carte thinks it incredible that Richard ſhould have engaged doctor Shaw openly to calumniate the ducheſs of York his mother, with whom he lived on good terms; but if in reality it is difficult to believe this, why ſhould not we ſuppoſe that the doctor, taking the general matter of his ſermon from the protector or his friends, choſe himſelf the particulars, and choſe them with very little judgment? The diſgrace into which he afterwards fell ſeems to ſtrengthen this ſuppoſition.*

I have

I have tranſlated Mr. Hume's words as fairly and faithfully as I am able; and thus I anſwer them. On the authority of the roll of parliament I accuſed ſir Thomas More of ignorance or falſification in naming Elizabeth Lucy inſtead of lady Eleanor Butler; and Mr. Hume is forced to admit the evidence, though he would fain avoid the concluſion. This he attempts by urging that ſir Thomas mentions both reports. I muſt own that with all my care I can find no one word in ſir Thomas relative to the lady Butler, and would be much obliged to Mr. Hume for pointing out the * paſſage to me. He alſo ſpeaks of Elizabeth Lucy as a report propagated by the protector's tools and in doctor Shaw's ſermon. Unfortunately ſir Thomas gives us a *circumſtantial* detail of a converſation between king Edward and his mother, in which that princeſs taxes him with a precontract with Elizabeth Lucy. Did the protector's mother ſpread thoſe reports? Still farther: "The ducheſs, ſays ſir Thomas, deviſed to diſturb this marriage [with the widow Gray], and rather to help that he ſhould marry one dame Elizabeth Lucy, whom the king had alſo not long before gotten with child, and openly objected his marriage, as it were in diſcharge of her conſcience, that the king was ſure to dame Elizabeth Lucy." Surely, ſurely, Mr. Hume, this is not a report ſpread by the protector's tools, but by that very mother whom Richard is accuſed of aſperſing too—and ſo conſiſtent is your circumſtantial oracle, that in one place he aſcribes the report to Richard, and in another to the ducheſs of York. And am I now unfounded in ſaying that ſir Thomas More affirmed deliberately of Elizabeth Lucy what related to Eleanor Butler? What follows is ſtill ſtronger: "By reaſon of which words ſuch obſtacle was made in the matter, that either the biſhops durſt not, or the king would not, proceed to the ſolemnization of this wedding, till theſe ſame were clearly purged and the truth well and openly teſtified. Whereupon dame Elizabeth Lucy was then ſent for—and confeſſed they were never married." "This examination, adds ſir Thomas, was ſolemnly taken." I aſk if this proves that doctor Shaw choſe the particulars without judgment? And I aſk, if what is here ſaid by More is not a wilful or miſtaken falſehood? But, ſays

* I have heard that it is mentioned ſomewhere in the Biographia Britannica, that in a late edition of ſir Thomas More's hiſtory Eleanor Butler is inſerted inſtead of Elizabeth Lucy. My edition, which is of 1641, has no ſuch correction; and a correction more recent would but prove that ſir Thomas More wrote Elizabeth Lucy, and that the groſſneſs of the miſtake induced ſome modern editor to reſtore the genuine name.

Mr.

Mr. Hume, no attempt was made to prove either of the contracts.—No! Does not ſir Thomas here directly affirm that the biſhops refuſed to marry the king, till the examination was ſolemnly taken? Which are we to believe, the infallible chancellor, or his determined advocate? Mr. Guthrie goes farther, and, relating the ſame ſtory of the lady Butler, affirms, as we have ſeen, that ſhe denied any precontract in open court. So clear is this whole ſtory, after being circumſtantially related by ſir Thomas More from ocular witneſſes! I leave this part to be adjuſted as it may by ſir Thomas, Mr. Hume and Mr. Guthrie; and proceed to the article of doctor Shaw, of which Mr. Hume is not much happier in his ſolution.

Mr. Hume, not quite clear whether Mr. Carte is in the right or the wrong, in not believing that the protector aſperſed his own mother, though I produced two original papers to prove that he lived in the houſe with her at the very time of the ſuppoſed calumny, and continued on good terms with her, deſires us to ſuppoſe that doctor Shaw was prompted by the protector in general, but did not chooſe his materials judiciouſly. He has gueſſed that *both* the reports of Lucy and Butler were ſpread by the protector's agents. This is ſuppoſing that a ſenſible man and artful uſurper made choice of very bungling tools, becauſe ſpreading both reports would have been the ſureſt way of contradicting both reports. But on this point I have better evidence, even that of ſir Thomas himſelf againſt Mr. Hume, who ſays, "the protector would that the matter ſhould be *touched aſlope craftily.*" *One may ſee clearly* [to uſe Mr. Hume's own words] *that ſir Thomas is ſo circumſtantial that he muſt have gathered his materials from the beſt evidence;* and thence conclude that the protector did not leave the execution of his plot to injudicious tools, but himſelf adjuſted the whole detail of what they ſhould ſay and do. This is a complete anſwer to Mr. Hume's ſuppoſition, which being raiſed in oppoſition to his own evidences, ſtands on no ground at all: and therefore, when he was reduced to this hypotheſis, it is plain that he could not ſupport ſo ſilly a ſtory as that of Richard blackening his own mother and ſetting up a precontract with Elizabeth Lucy: both which I expoſed; and which as Mr. Hume cannot defend from the authority of ſir Thomas More, without contradicting ſir Thomas More, I may fairly preſume that I have confuted ſir Thomas More, when Mr. Hume himſelf is forced to give him up, and is forced to deny that he has ſaid what he *has* ſaid ſo poſitively and *circumſtantially.*

NOTE

NOTE the Second.

If we refuſe to More the quality of cotemporary relatively to the protectorate of the duke of Glouceſter, we cannot deny it to him with regard to the impoſture of Perkin. He was then grown a man, and had all the faculties neceſſary for knowing, examining and deciding on the truth; ſo that when he aſſures us that Richard ordered the maſſacre of the duke of York, he aſſures us in effect in the cleareſt manner that Perkin, who aſſumed his name, was an impoſtor.

ANSWER.

When this note is analyſed, I will recommend it for as beautiful an inſtance of falſe logic as can be produced. Here is the ſum of it: Sir Thomas More was a grown man when Warbeck appeared, and had all the faculties neceſſary for knowing, examining and deciding on the truth; *therefore* a fact that he relates which paſſed in his childhood when he was *not* capable of knowing, examining, &c. proves another fact that happened when he was capable of knowing and examining, but which fact he neither related nor examined. Yet even in that circumſtance of age Mr. Hume is unfortunate. Sir Thomas was born in 1480; Perkin appeared in 1495, when More was fifteen. Is not that a time of life ſingularly qualified for knowing, examining and deciding on the truth of a ſtate ſecret? But perhaps Mr. Hume refers to ſir Thomas's age when he compoſed his hiſtory. I have ſhown that was in his twenty-eighth year, and when he was under-ſheriff of London. Was he in a ſituation then of fathoming all the depths of a myſtery which he himſelf and lord Bacon own had been ſeduloufly involved by Henry the ſeventh in impenetrable obſcurity? Does not ſir Thomas confeſs that he had heard the ſtory of the murder related in many various ways, but gave it from the mouths of thoſe he deemed the moſt credible witneſſes? Was this being in a ſituation to know, examine and decide peremptorily on ſo dark a ſtory? Is this aſſuring us *in the cleareſt manner* that Richard ordered the murder of his nephews? Does Mr. Hume think that every hiſtorian, who is a grown man at or near the time of an event, and who aſſures us of certain facts, ought to be implicitly received as a faithful reporter? Who ſtands more ſtrongly in that predicament than doctor Burnet? Who has made a more ſolemn appeal to heaven for his veracity? I profeſs I believe the general and

by far the greater part of the biſhop's hiſtory, becauſe I have ſeen how vain the attempts have been to confute it.—But does Mr. Hume believe ſo too? If he does, why has he followed him ſo little? Why are More and Bacon competent witneſſes againſt Richard the third, and Burnet not ſo againſt Charles the ſecond?

NOTE the Third.

This note is compoſed of mere declamation, and aſſertions unfounded in fact. It contains a pompous panegyric of lord Bacon as a genius of the firſt water, an excuſe for the flattery he has ſhowered on Henry the ſeventh, and an aſſumption that it was compoſed from original papers now loſt; with other poſitions equally arbitrary, which I ſhall examine preſently. I have already obſerved, that nothing can be weaker than to pretend to eſtabliſh the credit of an hiſtorian on the extent of his underſtanding. I fear the contrary is more often true; and that the leſs bright the imagination of an hiſtorian, the more he is likely to be exact in his narrative. Many hiſtorians are admired for their art, method, ſtyle, and ſhrewdneſs, on whoſe fidelity the world does not beſtow equal approbation. Perhaps one of the leaſt bright of our hiſtorians, Rapin, is more generally eſteemed for his veracity than many of his ſuperiors in compoſition. *But lord Bacon is an upright hiſtorian, is not partial to Henry, ſince it is from him we have received the details of the tyrannic government of that prince. All one can reproach him with is, for not blaming the facts he relates ſo ſeverely as they deſervea.* As the book is in print and common enough, one can ſcarce conceive how Mr. Hume could give this character of it. If the worſt actions are not defended and palliated throughout, if his lordſhip's tacit diſapprobation of them may be conjectured, as it is true it ſometimes may, ſtill ſo timidly is it inſinuated, ſo cautiouſly enveloped, that he ſeems to have hoped the learned prince [James the firſt] under whoſe auſpices the work was compoſed, would not have ſagacity enough to penetrate his real ſentiments. But I will recur to the book itſelf. In the dedication to prince Charles, lord Bacon profeſſes *that he has endeavoured to do honour to the memory of that king*, [Henry the ſeventh] and the hiſtory takes care to keep the promiſe made by the dedication. *Beſides*, continues the dedication, *the times deſerve it, for he was a wiſe man and an excellent king.* This was the text, and we find it amply handled in the ſame ſtyle. I ſhall ſelect a few inſtances, and will leave the reader to judge whether lord Bacon is ſolely reproachable with not having treated Henry's ty-

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ranny with due rigour, as Mr. Hume aſſerts; or whether, as I pretend, he has not exalted ſome of his worſt actions into matter of panegyric: and under this head I ſhall forbear recapitulating the inſtances I have already quoted in the Hiſtoric Doubts.

Henry procured the Star-chamber, which before ſubſiſted by the common law, to be confirmed in certain caſes by act of parliament. This court, ſays lord Bacon, is one of the ſageſt and nobleſt inſtitutions of this kingdom.

Recounting the reaſons that moved Henry to put to death ſir William Stanley, the brother of his own mother's huſband, lord Bacon reckons thoſe that were predominant in the king's nature and mind, as, *Stanley's overmerit and the glimmering of a confiſcation, for he was the richeſt ſubject for value in the kingdom*—and after aſſigning theſe baſe and ſcandalous motives, he adds theſe words: *after ſome ſix weeks diſtance of time, which the king did honourably interpoſe, both to give time to his brother's interceſſion and to ſhow to the world that he had a conflict with himſelf what to do, Stanley was arraigned, condemned and beheaded.* This *honourable* hypocriſy is ſomething more methinks than not treating Henry with proper ſeverity. And theſe ſordid motives weighed to get rid of a man, whom lord Bacon impiouſly compares to Jeſus Chriſt, *as having had the benefit at once to ſave and crown.* p. 135.

On the inhuman murder of the young and ſimple earl of Warwick the noble hiſtorian is as indulgent as poſſible, and rather treats it as an act of political wiſdom. "It happened opportunely, ſays he, that while the king was meditating that young prince's death, another counterfeit ſtarted up to repreſent the danger to the king's eſtate, and thereby to colour the king's ſeverity that followed. And to ſhift the envy of ſo foul a deed from himſelf, the king thought good to tranſport it out of the land, and to lay it upon his new ally the king of Spain: for theſe two kings underſtanding one another at half a word, Ferdinand refuſed to give his daughter to prince Arthur, while the earl of Warwick was alive." Is it poſſible to palliate a ſhocking murder by ſmoother terms? And did not the ſage Henry by this infamous intrigue avow that the earl of Warwick had the beſt title to the crown, from the illegitimacy of Henry's own queen and her ſiſters? In truth, among the inſtances of his boaſted wiſdom, there is ſcarce one in which he did not prove the dupe of his own duplicity, and of the ſuperior cunning of others. But I

ſhould tire the reader and myſelf with recapitulating what the whole book demonſtrates, that it is the panegyric of a knaviſh tyrant, and in no light deſerves the rank to which Mr. Hume would prefer it. I will only obſerve farther, that in the end he calls him *the Solomon of England, and a wonder for wiſe men*, and talks of the piety, charity, morality, juſtice and lenity, of a tyrant who plundered his people by every act of extortion, ſhed innocent blood from jealouſy; wrenched the laws to ſerve his purpoſes, and died mocking God by commanding his ſon to put to death the earl of Suffolk whom he had ſworn himſelf to ſave.

Mr. Hume's next aſſertion in this note is, that lord Bacon compoſed his hiſtory from authentic papers now loſt; and therefore ought always to be cited as an original writer. Lord Bacon no where pretends to have ſeen any ſuch papers: it is a mere ipſe dixit of Mr. Hume, who being the ſole finder of thoſe papers was certainly at liberty to loſe them again if he pleaſed. Lord Bacon's hiſtory was rather compoſed like Xenophon's Cyrus, for a model to princes, than as a ſtrict and faithful narrative. Livy, Joſephus, Euſebius, and even Varillas, might by Mr. Hume's argument be equally entitled to univerſal credit. The firſt founded all his fables of the early ages of Rome on writers long ſince periſhed: and the three others pretended to have conſulted authentic monuments and papers in the compoſition of their ſeveral works; and yet, though on that foot original writers, are now treated by all men of ſenſe as fabulous romancers. But Mr. Hume takes great care to forget that the truth of hiſtory does not depend ſolely on the originality of an author. A thouſand circumſtances muſt concur to eſtabliſh his credit. A cotemporary, if not an actor, is ſeldom well informed, and the firſt hiſtories we have are generally the leaſt true. Time brings greater evidence to light, and diſſipates the clouds of party, partiality, and miſtake. Why elſe has Mr. Hume taken the trouble of recompoſing what has been ſo often written?

I will conclude my remarks on this note with exemplifying two more round aſſertions in it, as little founded as the preceding. In lord Bacon's time, ſays Mr. Hume, it was no longer any body's intereſt to blacken Richard. I have ſtated, and I thought clearly, that it was as unſafe in king James's time, as in king Henry's, to aſſert the baſtardy of the children of Edward the fourth. James the firſt claimed from the eldeſt daughter of Henry and Elizabeth. In the very laſt years of queen Elizabeth, not twenty-

five

five years before lord Bacon wrote his hiſtory, various claims to the crown had been ſet forth in oppoſition to that of James. The earls of Huntingdon, Derby, and others, were deſcended from different branches of the royal ſtock, whoſe titles were preferable to thoſe of Henry, who had in reality no title at all, and even of his wife Elizabeth, if her mother's was not a lawful marriage. I am not ſurpriſed that Mr. Hume ſhould overlook my arguments, but he will not wonder if I think them preferable to his aſſertions founded on no argument at all, and contrary to fact.

But the moſt ſtrange aſſertion of all is, Mr. Hume's pretending, contrary to the evidence of his own eyes, that lord Bacon had no doubt of Perkin being an impoſtor. I have ſtated in the Hiſtoric Doubts various expreſſions of lord Bacon, which evince, that whatever pains he took to perſuade others, he was by no means convinced himſelf. The immunity of Lambert Simnel, *which was no ſmall argument that there was ſome ſecret in it; the king's manner of muffling the ſtory, which has left it almoſt a myſtery to this day;* his owning *that the king did himſelf no good* by the publication of the narrative——theſe and twenty other expreſſions muſt convince us that lord Bacon was far from having any inward conviction that Perkin was not the true duke of York; and that, if my doubts are light and trifling, Mr. Hume's aſſertions are ſo overloaded with falſe weight, that they will ſink themſelves in the mind of every impartial reader.

But without gueſſing at the depths of ſo inſincere a mind as lord Bacon's, here is poſitive proof that he did not believe the ſtory as he related it. He has compoſed a new confeſſion for Perkin, different from and irreconcileable with that publiſhed by king Henry. This I ſtated before. Mr. Hume could not anſwer it, and conſequently overlooked it—at the expence of his accuracy. I offer it to him once more thus: Lord Bacon could not compoſe a new confeſſion for Perkin, without thinking that that given out by Henry was a fiction; and certainly not without knowing that what he himſelf compoſed in lieu of it, was ſo. Was it from theſe two impoſtures that lord Bacon believed Perkin was an impoſtor?

NOTE the Fourth.

But if we demand, ſays Mr. Hume, cotemporary evidence, the ſtrongeſt and leaſt ſuſpicious are ready with their teſtimony. He then muſters a long

liſt of the queen and firſt perſons and families, who, ſays he, were ſo perſuaded of the murder of the two princes, that they addreſſed themſelves to the earl of Richmond, the mortal enemy of their family and party. Here let us pauſe a moment.——Mr. Hume formerly, making uſe of the ſame argument, was ſo unlucky as to miſtake Lancaſtrians for Yorkiſts. Corrected now, though without owning his miſtake, he has invented a new muſter-roll of names, ſtill without offering the leaſt authority to inform us from whence he took them. He has dubbed them all Yorkiſts at once. That they all ſubmitted afterwards to the uſurper Henry, I do not doubt, eſpecially after he had married the heireſs of York. For ſuch of them as joined to invite Richmond over, their belief or diſbelief of the murder proves juſt nothing at all, but that they deſerted the right heirs of the crown, and entered into a conſpiracy to place it on the head of a baſtard branch. Let Richard be what he would, his uſurpation could give no title to Henry. If the princes were dead and their ſiſters legitimate, the latter were the next heirs. There were alſo many other princes and princeſſes living of the houſe of York. As it appeared afterwards that the counties in which the chief intereſt of that family lay, maintained their affection and attachment to that houſe, Mr. Hume will excuſe me if I do not believe from his fictitious roll of names that the party of York did concur in general in the invitation to Henry; and though he lays great ſtreſs on illuſtrious names, whoever calls to mind the factions of that time and their frequent changes from intereſted views, and whoever has ſeen any thing of factions at all, will not form his opinion of a cauſe from the behaviour of the moſt illuſtrious perſons on either ſide. Much leſs will he pay regard to a ſecond edition of names, ſupported, according to Mr. Hume's method, by no authority.

But, as if he was ſenſible of the weakneſs of his argument, he endeavours to prop the queſtion he has begged, by aſking the moſt wonderful queſtion that I ſuppoſe was ever aſked ſince the days of the ſchoolmen. They indeed uſed to enquire how things would have been, if they had been very different from what they were; as how Adam and Eve would have begotten children, if they had both been women? Our new Toſtatus propoſes the following quære in ſupport of his imaginary hoſt of Yorkiſts: *Is there one*, ſays he, *of theſe perſons, who in writing the memoirs of their own time would not have aſſured us that Richard murdered his nephews?*—In truth, I have not ſuch intuition into what never exiſted, as to know how a nothing would be, if it had

had ever been. Would Mr. Hume allow me that Charles the firſt was a tyrant and murderer, becauſe I ſhould aſſert that Bradſhaw, Ireton, and Hugh Peters, who never did write his hiſtory, would have repreſented him as ſuch, if they ever had written his hiſtory? How difficult is it to eſtabliſh the received hiſtory of Richard, when ſo able a man as Mr. Hume is reduced to ſuppoſe that it would be confirmed by the writings of his bittereſt enemies, if thoſe enemies had given any account of him! A man leſs bright than Mr. Hume would ſuſpect that ſuch non-exiſtent hypothetical authors would have been partial. His Promethean ſagacity, after creating the perſons, has diſcovered not only what they would have written, but argues from this poſthumous kind of non-entities. This is a fair and fruitful addition to the ſtores of diſputation: its latitude is unbounded: it may ſerve alike the cauſe of truth and falſehood, and does equal honour to the ingenious gentleman who invented this ſort of argument, and to his friend the Swiſs reviewer, who was only dazzled by my old-faſhioned arguments, but was convinced by the luminous force and ſolidity of this new method of induction.

NOTE the Fifth,

Is built on Richard's ſuppoſed intention of marrying his niece. Unluckily it proves nothing at all. If the young duke of York eſcaped, Richard certainly did not know whether he was living or dead. If Richard deſigned to marry his niece, it was to prevent her eſpouſing Richmond. Theſe roundabout ways of ſuppoſing the murder, are the ſhifts of one that cannot prove the impoſture of Perkin. Prove that, and I will not diſpute the murder. It is the ſtrong evidence in favour of his being the true duke of York that invalidates the murder. Mr. Hume had rather do any thing than diſcuſs that evidence. He flies from it to preſumptions, fantaſtic bead-rolls of names, unwritten memoirs, and non-repeals of acts of parliament. With him, the *not* repealing an act of parliament is a proof that there was no ground for making it. By the ſame kind of logic, a repeal ought to corroborate an act of parliament.

NOTE the Sixth.

In a ſtring of propoſitions it is uſual to increaſe the ſtrength of the argument. Mr. Hume has inverted this method. The farther he advances, the weaker his reaſons, till he concludes with one that precedes the faculty of

reaſoning, and is calculated only for the nurſery. In the note before me, after endeavouring from hiſtorians and actors to eſtabliſh the murder, he has recourſe to the reports ſpread in foreign nations. Let Mr. Hume, if he can, refute my arguments in favour of Perkin Warbeck; I willingly reſign to him the ſudden impreſſion ſpread in France by Richard's enemies, and the recent and more mature judgment of the Swiſs reviewer. Let me however obſerve, that the emperor of China refuſed to receive an embaſſy from a great princeſs on much the ſame plea that Charles the eighth urged againſt Richard's embaſſadors. Would Mr. Hume, his friends meſſieurs Dalembert and Diderot, and Voltaire, who have celebrated the tolerating and legiſlative ſpirit of that heroine, allow that the Chineſe monarch's ill-breeding was a proof that the moſt atrocious reports were well-founded?

NOTE the Seventh.

Still advancing like a lively crab in retrograde argumentation, Mr. Hume next preſents us with every body's oration. Every body, ſays he, argued thus and thus: and then, like a good chriſtian, ſums up this harangue with a quotation from ſcripture. "Richard, ſays he, could not plead like Cain, Am I the keeper of my nephews?" I am rejoiced that ſaint Cain is admitted into Mr. Hume's rubric. "Richard, continues he, might have anſwered the accuſation by producing his nephews."——What! if one or both had eſcaped, and were not in his power? Thus Mr. Hume ſuppoſes the very point to be proved, and wonders it is diſputed, after he has taken it for granted. I have ſo good an opinion of his ſagacity, that if he had *not* taken it for granted *before* he wrote his hiſtory, I am perſuaded he would not believe it now. There is a good deal of difference in the kind of belief which a man entertains *before* he has treated a ſubject, and *after*.

NOTE the Eighth,

Is built on the evidence of Tirrel, which I have examined diſtinctly in my Doubts, and there challenged Mr. Hume to ſhow how it was poſſible for Perkin to agree in his narrative with Tirrel and Dighton, unleſs he was the true duke of York; ſuppoſing Tirrel made the confeſſion alleged, which I have ſhown to be moſt improbable. If Tirrel did *not* make that confeſſion, there is no evidence of the murder, but the declaration of Dighton, who, ſays

ſays lord Bacon, *ſpake beſt for the king*, and whoſe teſtimony is invalidated by every rule of evidence. I own there is leſs trouble in repeating the words *Tirrel* and *Dighton*, than in anſwering thoſe arguments—and Mr. Hume has choſen the eaſier part. Indeed I do not conceive why my book was worth anſwering, and not my arguments.

NOTE the Ninth.

If the duke of York had eſcaped, ſays Mr. Hume, *the queen his mother, the ducheſs of Burgundy, and all thoſe attached to his family would have been made acquainted with it.* I agree with him on the two former, not at all on the reſt. It was too important a ſecret to be confided to many. The illuſtrious partiſans of that or any party were not, I doubt, ſo immaculate as to deſerve a truſt of ſuch conſequence. The queen and ducheſs probably were informed: and it is odd to hear Mr. Hume complaining that the ſecret was not truſted to the ducheſs, when ſhe was the principal ſupporter of Perkin. Mr. Hume is ſurpriſed that ſhe was not let into the ſecret; and preſently will reject her own declaration that ſhe knew him for her nephew. Henry's treatment of the queen dowager, and her cloſe impriſonment with prohibition of all acceſs, is a ſtronger preſumption of her being privy to that fatal ſecret, than any Mr. Hume can bring to ſhow that ſhe did not know it.

NOTE the Tenth.

Our total ignorance of thoſe who aſſiſted the duke of York in his eſcape is ſufficient proof of the impoſture of Perkin. If Perkin had obtained the crown, this would be ſomething of an argument. Did not the pretender eſcape from Scotland, becauſe Mr. Hume does not *know* who aſſiſted him?

NOTE the Eleventh.

Perkin's narrative is void of all probability.——I know it. Lord Bacon thought ſo, and compoſed a new one for him. What conſequence ought to be drawn thence? Why, that we have not his genuine narrative, but ſuch as were compoſed for him by Henry the ſeventh and the Lancaſtrian hiſtorians. Mr. Hume is as unhappy in his concluſions as in his aſſertions.

NOTE the Twelfth.

Perkin made an entire confeſſion of his impoſture, and read it three times. We do not find the leaſt inſinuation that it was drawn from him by torture; and when he made it the laſt time, he had certainly nothing to fear.

ANSWER.

It would be highly unreaſonable in me to take offence at Mr. Hume's forgetting all my arguments, and all the anſwers which I have already given to his, [for indeed he does little more than repeat what he had ſaid before] when he takes the liberty of contradicting a perſon who ought to have much greater weight with him, I mean himſelf. In his notes on his own hiſtory he informs us, that Perkin's confeſſion was ſuppoſed [though he queſtions it] to be wrung from him by torture. He now poſitively aſſerts that we do not find the leaſt inſinuation of ſuch force being employed. This is aſſerting and denying to ſome purpoſe. With regard to the confeſſion, he does not inform us to which he adheres, to Henry's or Bacon's. No matter: we cannot believe both, and both give us cauſe to believe neither. Henry's was rejected by the infallible Bacon, and his own ſubſtitution of another deſtroys that too. That Perkin had nothing farther to fear, is aſſerted with as little foundation. Have we never heard in arbitrary governments [ſuch was that of England then] of men ſubmitting on impoſed conditions to a milder death, to avoid one more cruel? Who knows whether Perkin [ſuppoſing he made a confeſſion, which is moſt improbable] read it in an audible voice; or whether Henry's tools and ſheriffs and guards did not diſperſe a paper after his death, and affirm he had delivered it to them? Were the hiſtories of thoſe times written *circumſtantially* as they are now? Indeed, which hiſtory of that time was written at the time? Sir Thomas More does not go ſo low: lord Bacon and the reſt wrote many years afterwards.

NOTE the Thirteenth.

If Henry had not been convinced that Perkin was a ridiculous impoſtor, he would not have let him live an hour after he had got him in his power. The

manner in which he treated the innocent earl of Warwick gives great force to this argument.

C

ANSWER.

I do not preſume to trouble Mr. Hume or any body elſe with looking over the detail I have given of Henry's anxiety and ſuſpicions on Perkin's account; and of the difference of his behaviour towards him and Lambert Simnel, who *was* a ridiculous impoſtor, and whom Henry treated accordingly. But if Mr. Hume does not *purpoſely* chooſe to confound this conduct on two very different ſubjects, I would beg him to peruſe once more his infallible Bacon, and ſee whether Henry thought that Perkin was an object of contempt and ridicule.

The latter part of the note is as extraordinary an overſight [I will call it no more] as the former. "Had Henry been convinced that Perkin was the true duke of York, he would not have let him live an hour, but would have treated him as he did the young earl of Warwick." Henry had reigned at leaſt nine years before Perkin appeared. The earl of Warwick was all that time in Henry's power, and it was at leaſt two years before the latter was put to death. Perkin was not in Henry's hands as many *months*, as Warwick had been *years*, before Henry cauſed him to be executed. Does not Mr. Hume's argument contract, as he boaſts, great force from this happy illuſtration?

NOTE the Fourteenth.

Enter the ducheſs of Burgundy on the other ſide of the queſtion. Juſt now Mr. Hume argued from her knowing nothing of her nephew; now it ſeems ſhe knew too much. Like Hudibras, Mr. Hume can take up his arms, diſpute,

"Confute, change ſides, and ſtill confute himſelf back again."

She had adopted Simnel, and therefore was not to be credited about Perkin. Mr. Hume demands that ſhe ſhould be acquainted with the fate of her nephew; ſhe tells you ſhe is.—Therefore what? Therefore do not believe her.—But I will reſt contented with Mr. Hume's contradicting himſelf, as he

he has done in ſo many inſtances, and ſhall leave the reader to judge from what I have ſaid in the Doubts, whether Henry or Margaret ſet up an impoſture?

But I cannot ſo eaſily abandon Mr. Carte to the attacks of that powerful *whig*-champion, Mr. Hume, who has no mercy on a poor dead man, only becauſe he was attached to that nonſenſical tenet *hereditary right*. *Mr. Carte*, ſays he, to blacken Henry the ſeventh for having no hereditary right, ſuppreſſed entirely the important fact of the ducheſs ſupporting Simnel. Is it then an irremiſſible crime in an hiſtorian to ſuppreſs any material fact? I do not know, nor can I take the trouble now to examine whether Mr. Carte has ſuppreſſed the negotiations between Charles the firſt and the pope's nuncio, ſo unanſwerably proved upon him by the exact Mrs. Macaulay. I myſelf have declared that it was natural for Charles to treat with Roman catholic ſubjects againſt proteſtant ſubjects who endeavoured to dethrone him. But what becomes of his proteſtant piety, his martyrdom, his ſincerity? Look at the conceſſions he made on every capital point, and the oaths he ſwore to conceal them. If Mr. Carte has ſuppreſſed this enormous treaty, and has ſtill repreſented Charles in an amiable light, I ſhall indeed allow that he has ſtifled an important fact, and will abandon him to my whig friend—but an hiſtorian may omit leſs material circumſtances, and not deſerve the ſame cenſure. For inſtance: Burnet aſſures us that ſir Edmundbury Godfrey told him that he expected to be knocked on the head. This circumſtance is entirely omitted by a late maſterly hiſtorian, though very material with regard to the murder that enſued: but it did not ſuit the hypotheſis of Godfrey's murdering himſelf. *Vide Hume's Reign of Charles II.*

I will not wander from my ſubject to lay open many other errors and omiſſions in the hiſtory I have here quoted, though I could looſen its artful texture in variety of places with far greater facility than I have unravelled the ſtory of Richard the third. I admire the ingenious fabric with all its want of ſymmetry, and in ſpite of the conflict with which it is ever at war with itſelf, by endeavouring to ſeparate thoſe hearty friends the prerogative and the church, and by fruitleſsly trying to exalt the former and decry the latter; an attempt that renders the whole work one beautiful contradiction.

NOTE the Fifteenth.

No proofs, ſays Mr. Hume, *were produced at the time, of Perkin's being the true duke of York.* How does he know? When ſo much accumulative evidence in his favour, after all the labours of Henry and his partiſans to deſtroy it, yet remains, ſure the probability is, that ſtill greater appeared at the time. From what Henry forged, we may gueſs at what he ſuppreſſed. We have none but Lancaſtrian hiſtorians: the queen was ſhut up, and, by lord Bacon's own confeſſion, every thing ſo muffled by Henry, that it ſtaggered every body. Mr. Hume, cutting the Gordian knot which he could not untie, aſſerts with the tone of an Alexander, that all Perkin's anſwers might have been eaſily ſuggeſted to him by the ducheſs of Burgundy, by Frion, and by whoever had lived in the court at that time. I have ſhown to demonſtration by *dates*, which Mr. Hume ſwallows as if they were expletives, that the ducheſs did *not* live in the court at any part of the time; and any man's common ſenſe, but Mr. Hume's, will tell him, that it is abſolutely impoſſible to inſtruct a ſtranger ſo thoroughly in all the paſſages of a court, that he would not be detected in an hour's time. If my book is not a heap of abſurdities, there is no part of it leſs liable to be conteſted than the paſſages in which I have ſtated the true and obvious method of detecting ſuch an impoſtor, if he was one. I have ſhown that the omiſſion of ſuch ſatisfaction, and the ſubſtitution of the moſt abſurd aſſertions, create the ſtrongeſt objections againſt Henry. If I have talked nonſenſe, it would be charity in Mr. Hume to ſet me right. He knows the deference I have for his underſtanding, and no doubt he, if he pleaſed, could convince me that Henry's conduct was clear, rational, and liable to no miſrepreſentation: that lord Bacon's account of his ambiguity is falſe, and yet that lord Bacon's account ought to be implicitly relied on. Mr. Hume could certainly diſprove all that I have ſaid, and prove all that he has ſaid himſelf, though as yet he has done neither. Nay, I am perſuaded he could do what is ſtill more difficult, ſince his eloquence has worked that miracle both on himſelf and his friend the reviewer, convince me by weak arguments and groundleſs aſſertions, that the authority of great names is preferable to ſolid reaſons; and that repeating arguments that have been confuted, gives them new force. Women and drunken men make uſe of that kind of oratory; and perhaps Mr. Hume's example may give new weight to the practice.

The

The note concludes with confeſſing that many perſons of diſtinction were *at firſt* deceived by Perkin, which he aſcribes to the enthuſiaſm of the nation in favour of the houſe of York.—I thought that all the illuſtrious Yorkiſts, according to Mr. Hume's catalogue of them, knew for certainty that the children were murdered. How came they to unknow it again? *But*, ſays he, *many were at firſt deceived.* Would not one think that that perſuaſion had been momentary? Does Mr. Hume forget, or with the art of a diſputant did he ſlip in the words *at firſt* to make his reader forget, that four or five knights of the garter and privy-counſellors to Henry were convinced Perkin was king Edward's ſon, and died in that perſuaſion? Does ſuch atteſtation of their belief accord with Mr. Hume's aſſertion in the beginning of the note, that *no proofs* were produced at the time, of Perkin being the true duke of York? This manner of ſtating a fact and evading the juſt concluſion, I call owning truth without allowing it: it is endeavouring to delude with a clear conſcience. The poor reviewer fell into the ſnare—I do not believe any body elſe will.

NOTE the Sixteenth.

The laſt note, which eſtabliſhes the murder on the authority of the bones found in the Tower, is the only note to which I ſhall not preſume to give an anſwer. Untouched let it ſubſiſt to the comfort and edification of all the good women who viſit the tombs in Weſtminſter-abbey! May thoſe bones remain an equal proof of the crimes of Richard, and of the catholic credulity of Mr. Hume and the reviewer! In thoſe pious lands where all the evidence of a miracle depends on ſhowing the rotten remains of thoſe to whom, or the ſpot on which it happened, ſuch faith is often found.—In truth, I did not expect it would make its appearance in the form of an argument—but ſince Mr. Hume is reduced to reaſon from relics, he will excuſe me if I leave him at the door of the ſanctuary, and am ſtill unbeliever enough to think that thoſe bones ſo enſhrined are no more a proof of the guilt of Richard, than they are of the piety of Charles the ſecond.

I have thus replied to Mr. Hume's remarks; an attention certainly due to whatever falls from ſo ſuperior a writer. I am not entitled to the ſame obſervance from him; nor would the public excuſe me, if he waſted ſome of thoſe moments in anſwering my objections, which he can employ ſo much better

better for their inſtruction and amuſement. In truth, they expect greater things from him. As he has been admitted into the penetralia of the Benedictine college at Paris, and has explored the authentic ſecrets of the two laſt Stuarts, the public is impatient for the detail of thoſe myſteries, of which he has already given them a hint: nor can the appetite which *he* has raiſed be ſatisfied with a meagre note. He has another and ſtill greater achievement to perform, which can never be executed by ſo maſterly a hand, and which the world eagerly demands from his; a work more worthy of his genius, than any on which it has yet been exerciſed. As Mr. Hume's talent certainly veers to panegyric rather than ſatire, it muſt be a grateful ſatisfaction to ſo generous a mind to beſtow deſerved encomiums, inſtead of ſoftening defects and exceſſes. The reign of king William, who expelled the tyrants of Britain and tools of France, will ſhine with all its luſtre when treated by a philoſopher and patriot, who prefers the rights, the liberty, the happineſs of mankind, to the ſelfiſh politics of narrow-minded kings, and to the baſe adulation of venal courts. In Mr. Hume's page we ſhall read with pleaſure the eſtabliſhment and extent of our invaluable conſtitution, as immoveably founded on the revolution—and the excellent doctor Robertſon will not remain the firſt of hiſtorians, who, above the little prejudices of country, party, and profeſſion, has dared to ſpeak of the natural rights of mankind with juſt boldneſs, and has traced the progreſs of deſpotiſm in ſuch glorious glowing colours, as muſt warn the few free nations yet remaining on earth to watch the ſilent craft and undermining policy of princes and ſtateſmen.

Having now diſpatched all the ſtraws that have been thrown in my way, may I be allowed to add to what I have formerly ſaid, ſome additional confirmations of my opinion?

A very ſenſible gentleman, whoſe name I will not mix with Guthrie's and reviewers, on reading my book, ſent me a ſmall volume of notes that he had drawn up forty years ago, in which I was flattered to find very many of my own remarks, and others of great weight, which I ſhould be proud to be at liberty to publiſh. This is a proof that my opinion is not ſingular. Indeed, Rapin, Carte, and others, had ſeen the objection that ought to be made to Lancaſtrian hiſtorians. Mr. Hume calls Carte's doubts whimſical; and mine, light ſcruples. With ſubmiſſion, they are not whimſical or light ſcruples, which ſo profound a reaſoner as Mr. Hume can anſwer no better.

With

With regard to the perſon of Richard, the earl of Shaftſbury was ſo good as to inform me, that his anceſtor the lady Aſhley, who lived to a great age, had converſed with lady Deſmond, and gave from her the ſame account that I have given, with this ſtrong addition, that Perkin Warbeck was remarkably like Edward the fourth. And to prove that the print I have exhibited of Richard and his queen, which the late biſhop of Carliſle believed was taken from a window in the priory of Little Malvern [deſtroyed by a ſtorm ſome years ago], was not a fantaſtic picture of imagination, I ſhall here preſent the reader with two more portraits of Richard and his queen, almoſt minutely correſponding with Vertue's drawing, and taken from the beſt and moſt unqueſtionable authority. The earl of Sandwich, on reading my Doubts, obligingly acquainted me that the duke of Mancheſter was poſſeſſed of a moſt curious and original roll, containing the liſt, portraits and deſcent of all the earls of Warwick, drawn by John Rous himſelf, the antiquary. This ſingular manuſcript his grace, at my deſire, was ſo good as to lend me; and with his permiſſion I cauſed ten of the laſt and moſt curious portraits to be traced off, and here preſent them to the public faithfully and exactly engraven.

The roll is on parchment, and is ſeven yards and a half long; perfectly preſerved within, but by handling damaged on the outſide, on which have been painted many coats of arms.

The liſt begins with Guthalmus, and contains the effigies of ſeveral imaginary ſaints and heroes, many kings of England, and the portrait of Richard the third, with whom it concludes, twice; all neatly tricked, and the habits of the moſt diſtant ages, as well as of the ſucceeding, judiciouſly obſerved. On the outſide is written

"This roll was laburd and finiſhd by maſter John Rows of Warwick."

But perhaps the moſt curious part of this curioſity is the following inſcription under Richard, which ſhows that, whatever Rous choſe to ſay of him in compliment to Henry the ſeventh, he gave a very different account of him in his roll, which he left to poſterity, as a monument of the earls and town to which he was ſo much attached. Here is the inſcription as it was written by Rous's own hand:

"The

" The mooſt mighty prince Richard by the grace of God kynge of Ynglond and of Fraunce and lord of Irelond, by verey matrymony, wtowt dyſcontynewance or any defylynge yn the lawe, by eyre male lineally dyſcendyng fro kynge Harre the ſecond, all avaryce ſet aſyde, rewled his ſubjettys in hys realme ful comendabylly, puneſhynge offenders of hys lawes, ſpecyally extorcioners and oppreſſers of his comyns, and cheryſhynge tho yat were vertuos, by the whyche dyſcrete guydynge he gat gret thank of God and love of all hys ſubjettys ryche and pore, and gret lawd of the people of all othyr landys abowt hym."

Mr. Hume declares his affection to cotemporary and original authors. I beſeech him to produce one more genuine, more uncaſtrated, leſs interpolated than this record, exiſting in the very hand writing of the author. Let him try it by his rules of originality, and compare it with the teſtimonies of More and Bacon. He will tell me, perhaps, that Rous in his hiſtory has ſaid the very reverſe. True, in a book dedicated to Richard's rival and ſucceſſor. Lay Richard for a moment out of the queſtion, and let Mr. Hume tell me on any indifferent point which evidence he would prefer. Would he believe Rous flattering Henry to his face; or Rous in his cell delivering his opinion of a dead king? for it is evident that in the inſcription Rous ſpeaks of Richard as one that *had* ruled.

I do not doubt but the able critics with whom I have been engaged, would treat my conjecture as light and whimſical, if I ſaid I believed [and yet I muſt avow I do believe] that the remarkable and by no means indifferent words *by very matrimony without diſcontinuance or any defiling in the law, by heir male lineally deſcending*, allude to the bigamy of Edward the fourth and the illegitimacy of his children. I firmly believe too that the ſubſequent words *all avarice ſet aſide, puniſhing offenders of his laws, eſpecially extortioners and oppreſſors of his commons*, were a tacit ſatire on the uſurer his ſucceſſor. I have at leaſt produced here much better authority in vindication of Richard than Mr. Hume can bring againſt him; for he cannot reject the teſtimony of Rous, without giving up thoſe criterions of truth, which he has eſtabliſhed as demanding our aſſent and truſt.

I ſaid in my Doubts, that I was ready to yield to better reaſons than my own; but I did not ſay I would yield to worſe. Still leſs was I ever inclined to accept of great names inſtead of any reaſons at all. If mere authority would do, Mr. Hume would have as much weight with me as Bacon or More: but great men without their great ſenſe ſtrike me with no more awe than their monuments, which only exhibit their titles and cover their duſt. We ſhed a tear over their aſhes and their weakneſſes, but beſtow our tribute of praiſe on thoſe excellencies alone which touch the heart or convince the underſtanding.

May 10, 1769.

FINIS.

P. S. Since the above notes were written, I have found two paſſages, that evidently ſhow how vague and uncertain the reports relating to the death of Edward the fifth and his brother were even in the life-time of ſir Thomas More. From that very ſcarce book called The Paſtyme of the People, and better known by the title of Raſtell's Chronicle, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. John Ratcliffe of Rotherhithe, I tranſcribed verbatim the following paragraphs:

"But of the maner of the dethe of this yonge kynge and of his brother, there were dyvers opinyons. But the moſt comyn opinyon was that they were ſmoldery'd betwene two fetherbeddes, and that in the doynge the yonger brother eſcaped from under the fetherbeddes, and crept under the bedſtede, and there lay naked awhyle, tyll that they had ſmoldery'd the yonge kyng, ſo that he was ſurely dede. And afteryt. one of them toke his brother from under the bedſtede and hylde his face downe to the grounde with his one hande, and with the other hande cut his throte holle a ſonder with a dagger. It is a mervayle that any man coude have ſo harde a harte to do ſo cruell a dede, ſave onely that neceſſyte compelled them, for they were ſo charged by the duke the protectour, that if they ſhewed nat to hym the bodyes of bothe thoſe chylderne dede on the morowe after they were ſo comaunded, that than they themſelfe ſhulde be put to dethe. Wherefore they that were comaunded to do it were compelled to fullfyll the protectour's wyll.

wyll. And after that the bodyes of theſe 11 chylderne as the opinyon ranne were bothe cloſed in a great hevy cheſte, and by the meanes of one that was ſecrete with the protectour, they were put in a ſhyppe goynge to Flaunders; and whan the ſhyppe was in the blacke depes this man threwe bothe thoſe dede bodyes ſo cloſed in the cheſte over the hatches into the ſee, and yet none of the maryners nor none in the ſhyppe, ſave onely the ſayd man, wyſt what thynge it was that was there ſo incloſed; which ſayenge dyvers men conjectured to be trewe, becauſe that the bones of the ſayd chylderne coude never be founde buryed nother in the Towre nor in no other place."

"Another opinyon there is that they whiche had the charge to put them to dethe cauſed one to cry ſo ſodaynly treaſon, treaſon, wherewith the chylderne beynge aferde, deſyred to knowe what was beſt for them to do. And than they bad them hyde themſelfe in a great cheſte that no man ſhulde fynde them, and if any body came into the chambre, they wolde ſay they were nat there. And accordynge as they counſellyd them, they crepte bothe into the cheſte, which anone after they locked. And than anone they buryed that cheſte in a great pytte under a ſteyre, which cheſte was after caſte into the blacke depes, as is before ſayd."

I ſhall paſs over the abſurdities of both the foregoing accounts; but how will they ſtrike us, when we find from Ames's Typographical Antiquities, p. 147, that this book was printed in 1529, the twenty-firſt year of Henry the eighth, and from p. 141, that Raſtell the compiler and printer married ſir Thomas More's own ſiſter? If ſir Thomas, as Mr. Hume pretends, was ſo intimate with the chief perſons of Richard's court or reign, how came he to ſuffer his brother-in-law to paſs ſuch ſenſeleſs ſtuff on the public, in a work no doubt ſubmitted to his inſpection? for Raſtell was not only his relation but printer, his very next publication being a dialogue written by More and printed in the ſame year with the Chronicle. Nor did ſir Thomas pick up the materials for his own hiſtory *after* the appearance of Raſtell's Chronicle, which was publiſhed but ſix years before ſir Thomas's death, when the perſons from whom he gained his intelligence muſt have been dead likewiſe. But do not ſir Thomas's own words betray, not only doubts in his own breaſt, but thorough proof of the uncertainty of all the incidents relative to the murder? He tells us, that he does not relate the murder in every way he had heard it, but according to the moſt probable account he could collect

from the moſt creditable witneſſes. And I will aſk one or two more queſtions, which I defy Mr. Hume or any man living to anſwer in a rational manner. If Dighton and Tirrel confeſſed the murder in the reign of Henry the ſeventh, how could even the outlines be a ſecret and uncertain in the reign of Henry the eighth? Is it credible that they owned the fact, and concealed every one of the circumſtances? If they related thoſe circumſtances, without which their confeſſion could gain no manner of belief, could ſir Thomas More, chancellor to Henry the eighth, and educated in the houſe of the prime miniſter to Henry the ſeventh, be ignorant of what it was ſo much the intereſt of cardinal Morton to tell, and of Henry the ſeventh to have known and aſcertained? A king and his brother are murdered (according to Henry, More, Bacon, Hume, Guthrie, and the mob), a great officer of the crown and a low groom confeſs themſelves principals in the guilt, the firſt is executed, the latter ſuffered to live, to diſperſe the tale. Neither of them give the leaſt account *how* they committed the fact; or, if they did, no man living from the prime miniſter to the compiler of the Chronicle could get *certain* intelligence of what they confeſſed, though it is impoſſible to aſſign any other reaſon for the impunity of Dighton, but the intention of his ſpreading and authenticating the ſtory. If therefore the confeſſions ſaid to be made by Tirrel and Dighton are irreconcileable to every ſtandard by which we can judge of evidence, no evidence of the murder exiſts. If the atteſtations produced by Henry, More, and Bacon, who indubitably furniſhed the beſt they could, are inconſiſtent and improbable, the identity of Perkin Warbeck and the duke of York remains unſhaken, Mr. Hume himſelf allowing and bending all the force of his argument to prove, that the ſtrong evidence againſt Perkin is the certainty of the murder. If, on the contrary, the authority of hiſtorians is ſufficient to paſs ſuch ſtuff on our credulity, I muſt avow I cannot ſee what criterion there is in human reaſon by which we may diſtinguiſh between truth and the moſt clumſy and incoherent legends.

Auguſt 6, 1769.

A

REPLY

TO THE

OBSERVATIONS of the Rev. Dr. MILLES,

Dean of Exeter, and Preſident of the Society of Antiquaries,

ON THE

WARDROBE ACCOUNT of 1483, &c.

Printed at the End of ARCHÆOLOGIA, or MISCELLANEOUS TRACTS relating to ANTIQUITY. Publiſhed by the Society of Antiquaries of London, 1770.

La prévention ſe laiſſe vaincre inſenſiblement : malheur à qui l'attaque le premier ; il en eſſuye toute l'opiniâtreté & tout l'emportement, mais de jour en jour elle s'affoiblit ; et il ne faut que continuerde lapreſſer pour la détruire.—*La Motte, Réflexions ſur la critique*, vol. iii. p. 248.

NOTWITHSTANDING the encouragement of ſo able and amiable a critic as monſieur la Motte, I had certainly no inclination to purſue the controverſy relative to Richard III. It is a ſubject of no conſequence; I expreſſed my doubts on it; I concluded doubting; and ſhould never have believed that I had had much ſucceſs in clearing away a conſiderable part of the rubbiſh with which that ſtory had been loaded, if my anſwerers had not proved that, with all their prejudice in favour of antiquated nonſenſe, they could not reſtore it to its place. It is ſtill very indifferent to me how much they chooſe to believe without reaſon and contrary to common ſenſe. It is even diverting to ſee what ſtraws they catch at, when their legend is ſinking. One of

them believes all the crimes charged on Richard, becauſe he himſelf had confuted many of them, and I had taken no notice of it. *Vide the Critical Review.* Another, becauſe the king's ſervants may mean his royal brothers. *Vide the London Chronicle.* And a third, becauſe, if ſome of Richard's enemies, who never did write his hiſtory, had written his hiſtory, he ſuppoſes they would have given the ſame abſurd account of him. We ſhall ſee preſently that the laſt anſwerer believes *all* the guilt of Richard for two reaſons that do not yield in weight to any of the three former. To convince ſuch underſtandings by argument, let monſieur la Motte ſay what he will, I firmly believe impoſſible: nor do I care enough for Richard the third to deſire it. All I propoſe is, to ſhow that they have not anſwered my arguments, and after that, Credat Judæus Apella.

That I was at firſt treated, in the words of the paſſage above, with *emportement*, was true—and was comical. That I am ſtill to encounter obſtinacy, is no leſs true—I cannot ſay comical too, becauſe I am ſorry when a worthy perſon lets the public ſee that his abilities are not ſo great as his virtues. I have ſo great a regard for the reverend preſident of our ſociety, that I beg he will underſtand, if I ſmile at his efforts, that I preſerve all due regard for his perſon and merit.

I was told laſt winter, that our venerable preſident had read at the ſociety an anſwer to my Hiſtoric Doubts. As I have long ceaſed attending public ſocieties, as well as quitted my ſeat in parliament, it is not extraordinary that I was not preſent to undergo that humiliation at the feet of Gamaliel. In truth, I enquired little after his confutation, as the reverend perſon above a year before had acquainted me with his objections, and they had appeared to me ſo trifling, that I had little curioſity to learn more of them. However, I now-and-then heard that ſome perſons, who had wiſhed my doubts could be anſwered, and who would have been more glad if they had been able to anſwer them themſelves, affected to pronounce the dean's work a full confutation of my book. At laſt I read in the newſpapers that the reverend preſident himſelf had preſented the memoires of our ſociety to his majeſty.—I ſent for the book; expecting to ſee at leaſt ſome attempt towards anſwering the chain of arguments by which I had ſhown the probability of Perkin Warbeck being the true duke of York. Some endeavours I thought muſt be made to reconcile the contradictory accounts of Henry the ſeventh and lord Bacon;

Bacon; and as I had reſted the whole of what I had ſaid on the impoſſibility of Perkin's knowing what paſſed in the Tower, unleſs he had been the real duke of York, I looked eagerly for an anſwer to that challenge—and what did I find? Not a word on Perkin Warbeck, but that entire argument ſlubbered over in the compendious term, the *ſtrange tale* of Perkin Warbeck; and the dean's whole anſwer compriſed in two arguments, momentous no doubt, but rather more conſentaneous to his province of preſident of antiquaries, than to that of a man who attempts to reaſon.

The firſt is, that Richard murdered his nephews, *becauſe* Edward the fifth did not walk at his uncle's coronation; and that is proved by the account, which I called the coronation-roll, not being a round but a ſquare volume; with other ſuch props, of which I ſhall take notice preſently; and

The ſecond, becauſe ſir James Tyrrel, whom, from ſaid ſquare book, I repreſented as maſter of the horſe at Richard's coronation, was not ſo till ſome days afterwards, his younger brother occupying that place firſt.

I am very thankful to our worthy preſident for delivering me from any alarm I might have conceived at his interpoſing to condemn my work. I am thankful for the arguments of mine that he choſe to anſwer, and for thoſe he did not chooſe to anſwer; and if it were not unbecoming the ſerioufneſs of an antiquary, and of one who in that light has the honour of being his ſubject, to quibble, I would ſay in the words of the poet,

"Bleſt be the gods for thoſe they took away,
And thoſe they left me, for they left me *gay*."

Yes, I confeſs I did ſmile at ſo droll a delivery of the mountain; and might, I think, without impeaching, or breaking a link of the chain of my argument, compliment the preſident with a conceſſion of all he is ſo modeſt as to demand. Nothing prevents my offering this voluntary ſacrifice, but the ſilly fear of having it thought that, being an antiquary, I am incapable of reaſoning.

I will make a few curſory remarks on ſome introductory paſſages, and then proceed to examine Mr. Preſident's two fulminating arguments.

The preſident, whoſe reading I confeſs is, as it ought to be, much deeper than mine, has diſcovered a new author, who corroborates the murder of the two children. This is the great Arnold, who, ſays the doctor, expreſſes in very deſcriptive words the manner of the young princes' death. Let us hear this very expreſſive deſcription. "This year deceſſyd the kynge (Edward 4th.) in Aprell, entring into the 23d. year of his reign, and the two ſons of kynge Edward were put to ſilence, and the duke of Glouceſter tooke upon him the crowne in July, &c." I will not obſerve that the duke of Glouceſter is not charged with the murder, but will reſtrain myſelf to the pictureſque deſcription that ſo ſtrikes the good preſident. I ſuppoſe he means that the children being *put to ſilence* implies, according to the vulgar notion, that they were ſmothered. May I aſk whether, if their heads had been cut off, they would not equally have been *put to ſilence?* The Romans had a ſuperſtition of not naming death, and uſed various circumlocutions to avoid ſaying any perſon was dead. Did ſuch circumlocutions imply any particular kind of death? But as the preſident is ſmitten with Arnold's painting, I will ſay no more in derogation of his charming eloquence, eſpecially as it is nothing to the purpoſe. I doubted whether the children were murdered, not whether they were ſmothered or aſſaſſinated in any other way. If the doctor chooſes to perſiſt in believing they were murdered, he has my free conſent to make his option of the mode. But as ſome of my readers may be as ignorant as I was, and not know who this pathetic hiſtorian was, we are informed in a note, that he lived in 1519, and publiſhed, not the lives or reigns of Edward the fourth, or Richard the third, but—an account of the cuſtoms of London, with a chronicle of the magiſtrates of that city. The thanks of the learned are due to Mr. Preſident for thus bringing them acquainted with ſo valuable an author, who knew much better than he who wrote the Chronicle of Croyland (an author whom doctor Milles, p. 363, allows to have been a writer of much conſideration) by what kind of violent death the princes came to their end. When ſuch an evidence as Arnold is produced to teſtify to a great and ſecret act of ſtate, is it not evident that there is ſome opiniâtreté in adhering to a belief, that wants ſuch props? As an antiquary, the dean is undoubtedly well founded in quoting our ancient claſſics. All my fear is, that the profane ſhould ſneer at our labours. I can admire that ſimplicity of antique eloquence with which we are told in a note to page 5 of the Introduction to the Archæologia, that archbiſhop Whitgift was *ſucceſſor*

to Matthew Parker, his *predeceſſor*; but the laughers of modern times may ſee no beauty in that accuracy of truth, which ſpecifies that a man ſucceeded his predeceſſor. Let us reſerve ſuch flowers as this, and the expreſſive figure of *putting to ſilence* for ſmothering, within our own penetralia for the comfort of us lovers of goodly antiquity: and perhaps it were as wiſe if we adhered to our own venerable lore, and to our proper province, conjectures from ſcraps and fragments of unintereſting matters of fact long ſince conſigned to oblivion, inſtead of launching out into the bold and dangerous ocean of reaſoning. I, it ſeems, have been ſhipwrecked there; and in charity, therefore, venture to warn even Mr. Preſident himſelf to guide his pinnace near the coaſt, and only to diſembark when a barrow, a tumulus, or the twinkling veſtiges of a Roman camp, invite him to land and dig. Me votiva paries indicat uvida ſuſpendiſſe potenti veſtimenta maris Deo.

The ſecrecy of the murder, ſays the doctor, to which only the few perpetrators and accomplices were privy, muſt have left the public under great uncertainty as to the manner, though they had no doubt as to the reality of the fact. Page 362.

Methinks this is an extraordinary poſition to fall from a profeſſed advocate for the murder. Secret as it was, Arnold knew the very manner of it. The doctor muſt believe Arnold knew it, or he would not have quoted him for his expreſſive deſcription, for the doctor cannot be abſurd. But how, according to the aſſertors of the murder, could the public remain under great uncertainty, when thoſe very aſſertors believe that Tirrel and Dighton confeſſed it? Do murderers confeſs a murder, and conceal the manner of it? May I beg to know what the doctor and his adherents do and do not believe? I proteſt I cannot diſcover. Again, in the ſame paragraph we are told, *that the public had no doubt as to the reality of the fact.* Strange again! Sir Thomas More and lord Bacon, the pillars that ſupport the ſtory, affirm over and over that there were great doubts whether one or both of the children had not eſcaped. Good Mr. Preſident, aſcertain your own creed, before you attempt to remove my doubts. Or is it allowable to you to reject your own authorities, and is it fair in you to inſiſt that I ſhould ſubmit to them? For your own ſake do not contradict yourſelf, only for the pleaſure of contradicting me.

You

You proceed: "In ſuch circumſtances, abſurd and even contradictory reports would ariſe concerning the ſurvival and eſcape of theſe princes. Had they prevailed during the life-time of their uncle, would it not have been preſumed that they were raiſed and propagated by him, as the beſt expedient for removing the ſuſpicion of the murder?"

In ſuch circumſtances, that is, according to the preceding words, when mankind had no doubt of the reality of the fact, abſurd and even contradictory reports of the ſurvival and eſcape of the princes would ariſe. Very ſtrange reaſoning, indeed, Mr. Preſident! Did the certainty of the murder cauſe men to believe that the princes were not murdered?—But let us try to fathom what the preſident thinks he means. In the firſt place, he is of opinion that the ſecrecy of the murder produced various reports concerning it. Then, refining on and contradicting himſelf, he ſuppoſes that the certainty of the murder occaſioned a belief that the princes were alive; and at laſt he had rather that abſurd and contradictory reports of their eſcape and ſurvival ſhould have been propagated by Richard himſelf, though he does not think ſuch reports prevailed during Richard's life. Give me leave to aſk the doctor, whether he is of all theſe opinions, whether he is of none, or which of them is his opinion? Let me aſk him how he knows that ſuch reports did not prevail before Richard's death? What are his authorities for dating and affixing to a ſubſequent period ſir Thomas More's and lord Bacon's aſſertions, that many perſons believed the children were not murdered? It is totally improbable that this ſhould have been believed *after* Richard's death, unleſs there had been ſuch an opinion *before*—for this plain reaſon, that it is not common to believe in the reſurrections of princes. But ſo great is the doctor's propenſity to charge Richard, that, if what he deems a falſehood had been publiſhed in Richard's time, he owns he ſhould have accuſed Richard as the author of it, prepoſterous as it would have been for Richard to have ſpread ſuch tales.—Can there be ſtronger proof of prejudice and obſtinacy?

Happy indeed would it be for the world, were tyrants and aſſaſſins no abler politicians than the good preſident, who thinks mankind is moſt eaſily impoſed upon by abſurdities and contradictions. In ſome caſes perhaps they are; but I doubt Richard had a little more ſenſe than to defeat his own ends by ſuch clumſy artifices. Nor are uſurpers wont to encourage a belief of the

ſurvival of their competitors, when they have thought it neceſſary to put thoſe rivals to death. Henry the fourth had been diſturbed by a falſe Richard the ſecond; and Edward the fourth, our Richard's own brother, had choſen to expoſe the dead body of Henry the ſixth at Paul's croſs, rather than have it believed he was ſtill living. Thus, ſuppoſing Richard had been the murderer he is repreſented, it is moſt improbable that he would have acted ſo fillily, as, it ſeems, the preſident would have done in his ſituation.

So fond is the doctor of the policy of contradictions and abſurdities, that, not being able to charge them on Richard, he is determined ſomebody or other ſhall employ their machinery, and in the next ſentence beſtows them on the enemies of Henry the ſeventh, as a foundation for their pretended impoſtures. Here again I am ſorry to be forced to aſk Mr. Preſident what he believes? Does he believe that the ſecrecy produced the contradictions? or that they were ſpread by Henry's enemies? He accounts for them one way, is willing to account for them another, and then aſks with a *but*, whether it is not more probable, that they happened another way, that is not probable at all. He ſeems to think that in that age all men acted in a manner to defeat their own ends. According to him, Richard murders his nephews, and tells different ſtories of their being alive; aſſertions which, if falſe, could only operate to his prejudice, not to his ſervice; and Henry's enemies ſpread as different reports of the ſurvival of the children, which could only weaken the impoſition the reporters wiſhed to eſtabliſh. Is not the murder very clear, when reduced to ſuch ſhifts to preſerve itſelf from being exploded?

In the next paragraph Mr. Buck and I are confuted, by being told that the two authors we produce to invalidate the poſitive account of the murder, contradict one another, *though* reporting only common hearſay.—I beg to know what Arnold did more than report common hearſay? Polidore Virgil ſays, it was reported that the children of Edward had eſcaped and were living—The continuator of the Chronicle of Croyland, that it was reported Edward's ſons were dead, though it was uncertain by what kind of *violent* death. The misfortune is, that this very contradiction, ſo far from weakening my ſuppoſition, was the very ſcope of it. It was from that identical diſcordance among the authors who mention the fate of the children, that I attempted to ſhow the glaring uncertainty of it. The dean perhaps thinks that the want of harmony among the evidences proves their conſent.—I have known

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ſuch arguments made uſe of on other occaſions which I will not mention; but give me leave to ſay, that ſuch arguments do more hurt than ſervice to a good cauſe.

But Mr. Buck and I are taxed with omitting the word *violent*. Whether Mr. Buck omitted the word violent by deſign or not, it is impoſſible for me to aſcertain. For myſelf, I probably copied him, and was not ſo careful as I ought to have been in collating the paſſage with the original. I will, however, take any ſhame to myſelf for the omiſſion. I had much rather confeſs myſelf in the wrong, if I am ſo, than be obſtinate in defence of an hypotheſis. Truth is too ſacred to be made the victim of controverſy; and I had much rather ſpeak truth, than argue well. Indeed I muſt have been weaker even than I am, to have expected that I could falſify a common printed book, and not have it diſcovered. Could I ſuppoſe that no man living would turn to the Chronicle of Croyland? In fact, my argument does not ſuffer by the introduction of the word *violent*. One author ſays, the children were reported to be ſtill living after the time of their ſuppoſed deaths; the other, that they were ſaid to be dead, though it was not known by what kind of violence. What is the reſult, but that it was very uncertain what was become of them? If the preſident from two contradictory and uncertain mob-ſtories can ſtrike out that certain reality of the fact, of which he affirms the public had no doubt, I own he ſees further into what deduction may be drawn from an argument than I do. He proceeds yet another ſtep; and now admitting the depoſition of the Chronicle, which he had before allowed was only hearſay, as indeed the Chronicle itſelf confeſſes, by the words vulgatum eſt; and diſcovering that vulgatum eſt is good authority, and that in vulgus fama valuit is no authority at all, he adds, "the word *violenti* is *a moſt expreſſive and material part of the Chronicle's teſtimony* (I do not know whether he does not perceive ſmothering in it), and gives a very different complexion to it."—That is, it converts vulgatum eſt into certain knowledge—and at laſt finds Richard guilty of the murder; "for if, ſays he, they died a violent death, there can remain no doubt by whoſe order it was inflicted."

Thus are we arrived at one of the grounds of the doctor's faith in the murder. My omiſſion of the word *violenti* changes the nature of a vulgar tale into good and poſitive authority; and Richard, whoſe guilt I thought I had

had in ſome meaſure rendered doubtful, is convicted by my ſeemingly too great zeal for his character. Thus has my awkwardneſs dealt its blows with a two-edged ſword.—I have hurt my client, and led my adverſary into the intemperance of pinning his belief on what he had allowed a mob-ſtory, for the mere ſatisfaction of contradicting poor me! Indeed, indeed, I am aſhamed of diſputing, when I am ſuſpected of wilful omiſſion, and ſee ſo worthy a perſon as the reverend divine betrayed into a perverſion of reaſon by the idle ambition of victory in a cauſe of no conſequence to either of us.

The learned perſon ſays, "the impartial reader of Engliſh hiſtory will judge how far the account of the murder is invalidated by the relation of Perkin Warbeck, and whether that ſtrange tale did not gain more converts, and receive more credibility, from the natural jealouſy and the affected myſterious ſecrecy of Henry the ſeventh, than from the weight of its own evidence."

As there are two propoſitions in this paſſage, I muſt take leave to examine each ſeparately. I was not the firſt reader of Engliſh hiſtory who was ſtartled by the ſtory of Perkin. Buck, Carte, Guthrie, the lord treaſurer Oxford, lord Bolinbroke, and many others, had, ſome doubted of the murder, others been perſuaded that Warbeck was the true duke of York. Even ſir Thomas More and lord Bacon, the doctor's beſt authorities, except Arnold, had expreſſed the uncertainty of the murder. It was more awful teſtimony given by knights of the garter and privy-counſellors who had known the duke of York, who laid down their lives for that belief, and not one of whom it is even pretended by Henry's apologiſts recanted. Lord Bacon himſelf was ſo ſtaggered by Henry's narrative of Perkin's confeſſion, that he was reduced to forge a new one for him. A reader of Engliſh hiſtory muſt have a good digeſtion, and methinks not be very impartial neither, who can ſwallow all this without entertaining a doubt whether Perkin might not be the true duke of York. But when the readers of Engliſh hiſtory come to peruſe, as I do not doubt but they will, that elaborate and ingenious treatiſe of Mr. Dean Milles, when they find that he believed the murder becauſe I called a ſquare volume a round one, and becauſe ſir James Tirrel was not maſter of the horſe till a month after Richard's coronation, but that his brother Thomas occupied that poſt at the coronation; and when they find farther that ſo able and

learned a man could not anſwer one argument that I had brought for Perkin being the true duke of York; will impartial readers of Engliſh hiſtory think the ſtory perfectly clear and well aſcertained? It is pretended that Perkin acknowledged himſelf an impoſtor, and that two perſons confeſſed the murder; and yet from lord Bacon to Dr. Milles no man has been able to reconcile their accounts. The firſt boldly plunged into a forgery; the latter has dragged one Arnold, a writer on the cuſtoms of London, out of obſcurity, to throw his mite of vulgar report into the treaſury of mob-ſtories, and has diſcovered *expreſſive and material* authority in the vulgatum eſt of the Chronicle of Croyland!

The ſecond propoſition is of another nature; it is of the family of that kind of evidence which the doctor uſed, when he ſuppoſed Richard ſpread different accounts of the exiſtence of his nephews after he had murdered them. The dean aſks, whether Perkin's tale might not gain credit from the natural jealouſy and affected myſterious ſecrecy of Henry the ſeventh? What can he mean by the *natural* jealouſy of Henry? Was it natural to be jealous of the world's believing that his enemy was an impoſtor? Did he force Perkin to read a confeſſion of being an impoſtor, to prevent the public from thinking him one? Becauſe Henry's character was that of a dark myſterious tyrant, was he therefore ſo when it muſt have been deſtructive of his intereſt? Did he act in the caſe of Perkin as if he wanted to perſuade mankind that he was not an impoſtor? I do not honour the abilities of Henry, but was he really ſo egregious a fool as the doctor paints him? For what poſſible reaſon ſhould he endeavour to have it thought that Perkin was not an impoſtor? I beſeech the dean, from his ſtores of refined policy, to tell us why Henry ſhould have been ſuch a blunderer? I will tell him why *he thinks* Henry was ſo abſurd; though I cannot tell him why he ought to think ſo. Lord Bacon, who could not make the ſtory of Perkin being an impoſtor hold together, was reduced to colour it over with the beautiful though tranſpicuous tints of his impoſing eloquence, and accordingly tells us, *that the king's nature and cuſtoms were not greatly fit to diſperſe theſe miſts, but contrariwiſe he had a faſhion rather to create doubts, than aſſurance.* The charms of this vague figurative ſtyle impoſed on the good preſident; he quotes theſe very words as the foundation of his opinion. The deſcription was true with regard to Henry's conduct about his no title; but not in the leaſt ſo about Perkin. The ſolemn phraſeology

ology however dazzled Mr. Preſident, and he did not perceive that it contained matter contrary to fact and common ſenſe. Read lord Bacon's own account of Henry's ſolicitude to detect Perkin, of the infinite pains he took to prove and publiſh him for an impoſtor, and then ſee if the words the doctor and I have quoted can poſſibly be applied to Henry's conduct on that occaſion. I would wiſh the doctor to remember too, that when the greateſt writer aſſerts a fact in oppoſition to truth and ſenſe, he is no better authority than the loweſt. If the doctor had applied his critical ſkill to the text he has quoted, before he beſtowed it on ſo unworthy an object as my book, he would probably have avoided ſplitting on that rock.—I now come to conſider his two *great* arguments.

The preſident opens his cauſe with informing his readers and me, that what I had too careleſsly called the coronation-roll of Richard the third, "is not a coronation-roll, but a wardrobe-account, of which the deliveries for the coronation make a conſiderable part. It will be neceſſary, he adds, to quote ſeveral paſſages of this rerord, in order to explain the nature of it, and to judge of the evidence it contains."

With ſhame I confeſs the truth of this charge, and with leave will relate by what means I fell into this grievous miſtake, ſo unworthy a true antiquary. Our late learned preſident the biſhop of Carliſle, predeceſſor to his preſent ſucceſſor doctor Milles, was the firſt perſon who told me of the curious diſcovery made of Edward the fifth walking at his uncle's coronation, and it is with ſorrow I diſturb his aſhes by declaring that he called this fatal wardrobe-account a coronation-roll. Another ingenious member of our ſociety lent me an extract of the ſame record, and he too, I doubt, likewiſe called it the coronation-roll. Their curſory errors indeed do not excuſe my negligence. I ought to have known that the account of the wardrobe-keeper, in which almoſt the whole contains deliveries for the coronation, was not the coronation-account, but the wardrobe-keeper's account for the coronation, with ſome other deliveries. The diſtinction * is nice, and perhaps

* As in the ſame volume are bound accounts of the coronations of Henry the ſeventh and Henry the eighth, it is plain all three were reckoned in the office coronation-rolls. It was reſerved to doctor Milles's ſagacity to diſcover that the office has gone on in verbal inaccuracy for above two centuries.

Words are man's province; words we teach alone.
DUNCIAD.

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without a difference; but as I am an antiquary, and as an antiquary is often a kind of verbal critic, hight a word-catcher, I ought to have ſtuck to words; the *meaning* of words is not enough. A roll implies a round volume, and lo! the volume in queſtion is ſquare! How culpable am I in the eyes of literal accuracy! But it is time to examine the preſident's argument, which I take to be this.

The book is an account of the deliveries from the wardrobe from the death of Edward the fourth to ſome time in the following year, including the time of the intended coronation of Edward the fifth, and the actual coronation of Richard the third. As there are other deliveries previous and ſubſequent to the coronation of Richard, the robes ordered for Edward, under the appellation of lord Edward, ſon of late king Edward, were probably what had been ordered for his own coronation; and the number and ſimilitude of the robes delivered for each king, corroborate that aſſertion; eſpecially as there were half coats ordered for the henchmen of the young king, and whole coats for thoſe of his uncle; the preſident having examined the account with ſuch avidity of detecting my errors, that in the heat of the chaſe he ſtumbled on this piece of œconomy in Richard or his officers.

I think I have ſtated the whole of this firſt great argument with as much fairneſs as is poſſible, and it is from want of diſcernment if I have omitted to do juſtice to it. Indeed there is a very Pindaric tranſition from the argument to the inference; *videlicet*, that the prince was dead, if his uncle did not intend he ſhould walk at his coronation. Was it certain Edward the fifth did walk at his uncle's coronation, it would be evident that he was not dead at the time; but would it be a proof that he was dead, if he did *not* walk there? Good Mr. Dean, this alacrity in confuting me hurries you, I fear, beyond what logic will warrant.

I will not ſmile at your half coats and whole coats—you concluded, to be ſure, that, as Edward was a child, his henchmen muſt be children too, and that half the quantity would ſuffice them: but, to be more ſerious, I will as briefly as poſſible take to pieces your argument, after obſerving, that what you charge on me is far ſhort of the expreſs declaration of the oracle of your belief. You ſay that "I ſuppoſe Richard had no ſuch evil intentions againſt

his nephews on his acceſſion to the crown, and that, inſtead of putting them to death, he meant to do honour to the eldeſt, by aſſigning him a reſpectable place, and robes of dignity at the ceremony of his coronation."

Unfortunately, inſtead of this being any exaggeration on my part, it is much leſs than your own ſir Thomas More aſſerts to have been the intention of Richard. The chancellor tells us, on the authority of archbiſhop Morton, one of Richard's capital enemies, that the latter's firſt plan was to reſign the crown to his nephew, when Edward ſhould attain the age of 25. Surely aſſigning him a place at the coronation is ſomething leſs than reſigning the crown to him. Had *I* ſuggeſted that Richard had formed any ſuch ſcheme, with how much ſcorn ſhould I have been treated! Sir Thomas More may give this account with impunity, and with impunity doctor Milles may chooſe to forget it—with impunity he may tax me with ſuppoſing leſs than ſir Thomas More aſſerts—and with candour he may impute to me wilful omiſſions—but it ſhall ſuffice me to juſtify myſelf, and to ſupport my arguments, with decency, and with that ſmall portion of underſtanding which has fallen to my ſhare.

The reaſon why I ſuppoſed it was intended Edward ſhould walk at his uncle's coronation was ſimply this: Becauſe the order for the delivery of robes to him, ſtands in and is mixed with the other orders for deliveries on the ſame occaſion; and becauſe he is there ſtyled lord Edward, ſon to late king Edward the fourth.

That it is mixed with thoſe other orders appears from the preſident's own account; for, having ſpecified the other orders, and thoſe for lord Edward, he tells us of other orders, page 373, to the duke of Buckingham, &c. for the queen's and king's coronation; and then in page 374 he ſays, This paragraph ſeems to conclude the account of deliveries for the firſt coronation—I ſuppoſe he means in oppoſition to the ſecond coronation at York.

Thus then I have eſtabliſhed, by the dean's own teſtimony, that the account of deliveries to lord Edward is mixed with the other deliveries for the coronation; and by being ſo mixed, and being warranted by ſir Thomas More to believe, that, whatever were Richard's ſecret intentions in futurity, he had

had talked of a deſign of delivering up the crown to his nephew on the latter's full age, was it very abſurd in me to ſuppoſe, that he might carry on (to humour the doctor I will ſay) his hypocriſy ſo far as to treat his nephew with honour and reſpect? I wiſh, when we come to ſee the reaſons aſſigned for Mr. Peter Curteys's inſerting the deliveries to Edward amidſt thoſe for his uncle's coronation, it may not be found that wiſer men have wreſted the palm of abſurdity from me.

But firſt I muſt produce a very material entry in this identical account, which the preſident has quoted without perceiving or underſtanding the force of it.

Antecedent to the order of deliveries to lord Edward, we find theſe words: "To many divers perſons for to have in haſte, by my lorde of Bukkingham's commandement, whoſe names were not remembered, delivered in grete, &c."

I aſk if any man can believe that this ſudden order, entered among the deliveries for the coronation of Richard, and ſpecifying the recollection of ſome perſons who had been omitted, was the recollection of Peter Curteys, who had forgotten to begin his account with the moſt obvious delivery, robes for the young king before he was ſet aſide? or whether it was not the recollection of Richard and Buckingham, who ſuddenly agreed that the depoſed prince ſhould walk at his uncle's coronation? An unlucky circumſtance corroborates the latter opinion. When Edward the fourth died, the duke of Buckingham was not in London, but in Wales; conſequently could not direct robes for the young ſucceſſor; though he was in London, and might order them againſt the coronation of Richard.

But what avail facts, dates, entries, arguments? The preſident ſhall wave his wand, and raiſe a conjecture that ſhall put their hoſt to flight. In his note to page 378, this able magician owns "that many of the articles which relate to lord Edward and his hengemen are charged in the wardrobe's general account of receipts and deliveries, undiſtinguiſhed from thoſe which were iſſued for Richard's coronation." The confeſſion is fair and candid, and ſeems almoſt to excuſe my ſuppoſition of the nephew attending the uncle's triumph—

triumph—but all ſhall be deſtroyed again. The preſident has a gueſs in ſtore that will recover the ground he had conceded. I muſt beg leave to give it in his own words, for no other could do juſtice to it.

"The deliveries made on this account, although prior to thoſe iſſued for the coronation, yet (conſidering the circumſtances of that time) could not ſtand in any other place. The maſter of the wardrobe's account was engroſſed and cloſed in the beginning of the following year, when the act of baſtardy had paſſed. In what order then, or under what name or title, could theſe liveries be charged? They could not precede the articles for Richard's coronation, for then they muſt have been charged as robes for the king. Piers Courteys, no doubt, underſtood the *duty* of his office too well, to make ſo uncourtly an entry; and it would have been a dangerous experiment, at that critical period, to have excited the jealouſy or reſentment of his maſter."

"It was not for Richard's intereſt, nor agreeable to his inclinations, that the time or the uſes for which theſe garments were iſſued, ſhould be particularly ſpecified. They are placed, therefore, *after the articles relative to the coronation*, amongſt thoſe iſſued by the king's high commandment, which in ſome reſpects was literally true. It is needleſs to obſerve, that, when this account was cloſed, no other title but that of lord Edward could be given to this prince."

And now I believe I may defy the wit of man, or its oppoſite, to produce two paragraphs, that ſhall pretend to argument, and be more void of common ſenſe.

It is plain from the two paſſages, that the dean felt how prepoſterous it would be to ſuppoſe that deliveries for Edward's coronation could be crowded into the midſt of that of Richard. He had owned the deliveries were ſo mixed as to be undiſtinguiſhable; and yet by a chicane, not quite conſonant to the character of a man who accuſes others of wilful omiſſions, and yet excuſable, as it is himſelf he contradicts, he here aſſerts that they are placed *after* the articles relative to the coronation. If he forgives himſelf, I aſſure him I do. Glaring, however, as this ſtate of the queſtion was, any evaſion, any conjecture how ſtrained ſoever, was preferable to owning that deliveries

for Richard's coronation *were* deliveries for Richard's coronation. How ſhall he avoid this dilemma? He ſhall begin with begging the queſtion in diſpute. He ſhall pronounce ex cathedrâ and of his own plenary knowledge, that *they were prior to thoſe iſſued for the coronation.* Aſk him how he knows this? He does not deign to tell you. But though in a pulpit or a preſident's chair a man may aſſert what he liſts, without being expoſed to impertinent queſtions, he forgot that a printed book, beſtowed on the public, is liable to troubleſome interrogatories, and that a man who affirms when he ſhould argue, is likely to be proved incapable of arguing.

His next arbitrary deciſion is, that the deliveries for king Edward the fifth could ſtand in no place, but amidſt the deliveries for the coronation of Richard the third. Yes, indeed, courteous reader, wonderful and extravagant as this propoſition ſeems, if you will turn to page 379 of the Archæologia, you will find this declaration totidem verbis. How! what! you will cry—could the deliveries for Edward's coronation ſtand nowhere but in the account of Richard's coronation?—Is the man in his ſenſes? Is he—But no, I hope you will not uſe any irreverent expreſſions; the dean, I aſſure you, is a worthy ſober man, a man of good learning, I believe, and one for whom I have a very great reſpect; and, if you will have a moment's patience, he will tell you why this matter could happen no otherwiſe. "The wardrobe-keeper's account was cloſed the next year, when king Edward had been declared a baſtard by act of parliament; and therefore *in what order*, under what name or title, could the deliveries be charged? They could not precede the articles for Richard's coronation, for then they muſt have been charged as robes for the king," and therefore—Ay, you will cry, and therefore what? Becauſe Edward was no longer king, did it make his intended coronation become part of Richard's coronation? Does the depoſition of a king make the paſt acts of his reign become the acts of his ſucceſſor's reign?—And you tell me this man is in his ſenſes! Yes, indeed, kind reader, he is as much ſo as ever he was; and though he may not ſhine in argument, he is a deep antiquary, and does great honour to our ſociety. Well, well! ſays the reader, all this may be ſo; but ſtill, why was Richard's coronation-account the only place upon earth in which Piers Curteys could inſert matters that had not only nothing to do with it, but were as oppoſite to it as two things could well be? Why could not the deliveries to Edward be charged *after* the articles

articles relating to Richard? And above all, why could not Curteys charge them in their proper place, that is, previous to Richard's reign? He might have ſtyled Edward *the lord Edward* there as well as in Richard's account: what obliged him in one page of the ſame book to call a man king, whom in another page of the very ſame book he calls lord? A child of ten years old would reaſon better. Gentle reader, all this is very true; and yet we are not arrived at the moſt entertaining part of the argument. The dean, who has all along argued as if Richard the third and Henry the ſeventh had been two drivellers, has not more mercy on poor Peter Curteys, though meaning him very well, and lending him all his own ſhare of policy. Piers Curteys, ſays he, no doubt underſtood the *duty* of his office too well to make ſo *uncourtly* an entry; that is, *before* Richard's coronation. Whatever Curteys underſtood, it is plain the dean thinks he did not underſtand keeping his accounts, when he blended and confounded matters foreign to one another in ſuch a manner, that to this day the dean cannot unravel them. I am indeed more ſurpriſed to hear a reverend divine call it *the duty of office* to make a falſe entry: and this arch diſlocation of the wardrobe-keeper's accounts, the dean aſcribes to Curteys's *adroitneſs in paying his court.* Clergymen, I ſay it to their honour, have ever been obſerved to be woful courtiers, and to have often blundered into affronting princes, from their over officiouſneſs in flattering them. What an expedient has the dean lighted on to prevent Curteys from offending Richard, by reminding him that he had diſpoſſeſſed the king his nephew! Thus muſt the courtly Curteys have argued, according to the dean's notions of kings and courtiers, and cunning: If I charge my deliveries to Edward, ſays Curteys to himſelf, in their due time and place, it will imply that Edward has been king, and that his uncle has dethroned him. Richard is a jealous, ſuſpicious, ſhrewd and cruel prince, and may put me to death for my veracity. Well! but is there no private place, no obſcure corner, not likely to be noticed, into which I can ſlide my account for Edward, and which will eſcape the piercing eye of Richard? Oh! yes, there is one, and indeed the only one where it can ſtand properly, from the exceſs of the impropriety, and where from that very impropriety it will never be obſerved. I will place Edward's account in the midſt of Richard's coronation-account, and then the devil is in it if he will diſcover it—nay, and to conceal my artifice ſtill better, I will call Edward, not king,

but the lord Edward, ſon of the late king—a title ſo deſcriptive of his ſituation, and diſpoſſeſſion by Richard, that it will be impoſſible Richard ſhould ever recollect he diſpoſſeſſed him.

Thus has the dean removed all difficulties, *thus* has he confuted my *ſtrange* ſuppoſition, that an article in the midſt of an account for a particular ſervice relates to that particular ſervice, and to that ſervice only. Were I fond of diſputation, could I deſire better fortune than to have always ſuch adverſaries? Abilities muſt be poor indeed, to which opponents of that force would not prove a foil, and give ſeeming brightneſs. Yet I venture to foretell that there will not be wanting men whoſe heads are ſo adapted to falſe reaſoning, that the doctor's arguments will inſtantly ſtrike them with the moſt luminous conviction: for abſurdities, when they light on a proper ſoil, reſemble ſome of the ſeeds in the parable, *which falling upon ſtony places, forthwith ſprung up, becauſe they had no deepneſs of earth.* But I ſhall ſay no more on this head, and ſhall be far more brief on the ſecond great article of the dean's obſervations. As his mode of argumentation was arrived at its perfection in the famous paſſages above quoted, he could not ſoar any higher; and indeed the ſecond article, in compariſon of the firſt, is very flat, and taſtes more of the antiquary than the logician.

I have ſaid, that in the account of Richard's coronation it appeared that ſir James Tirrel walked as maſter of the horſe, and thence inferred that he was a conſiderable officer of the crown at that time, and conſequently of too great rank to be named as an obſcure perſon, and recommended by a ſtill more obſcure perſon, a nameleſs page, as a proper inſtrument for a ſecret murder: and I ſhowed that ſir Thomas More, who tells this abſurd ſtory on nameleſs authority, had added another falſity, which was in ſaying that Tirrel was not knighted till after the ſuppoſed aſſaſſination.

The dean is ſo impartial as to give up ſir Thomas's falſification or blunder in regard to the knighthood—ſo in one reſpect at leaſt I am allowed to have diſcovered that ſir Thomas ſpoke with little knowledge of the perſon he deſcribed—but the dean, who has ſtudied and pondered over, and tortured the wardrobe-account to make it depoſe againſt me, has diſcovered, that it was not ſir James Tirrel who walked at Richard's coronation as maſter of the

horſe, but his younger brother ſir Thomas; and that the latter was not maſter of the horſe, but only occupied the office of maſter of the horſe at that time; though both the preſident and the book are forced to confeſs that ſir James was actually maſter of the horſe before the ſecond coronation at York, which happened but two months afterwards.

This important point gained, the preſident concludes, that what he calls this promotion coinciding exactly in point of time with ſir Thomas More's account of the murder, it is moſt probable that the maſterſhip of the horſe was beſtowed on ſir James Tirrel, as a reward for the black ſervice that he had juſt committed; and that his own brother was ſet aſide, or, in his words, ſuperſeded, to make way for him.

Not ſatisfied, however, with this wonderful diſcovery, the preſident modeſtly beſtows collateral helps, as buttreſſes to his argument. The firſt is an aſſertion by implication. The delivery of the ſtable furniture to him, ſays he, *implies* his having then *firſt* taken poſſeſſion of his office. Methinks this painful accuracy implies a little ſuſpicion that ſir James Tirrel had been named maſter of the horſe a little earlier. Is not a man maſter of the horſe from the moment of the king's nomination, though he may not have taken poſſeſſion of the ſtables and ſaddles? If the dean will ſend to the office, he will ſoon ſee how futile this *verbal* preciſion is.

The ſecond buttreſs is more in character, though, if poſſible, ſtill leſs to the purpoſe. It is an ample pedigree of the Tirrels for five deſcents, and is ſet forth and guarantied by all the pomps of impertinent heraldry—and only to prove what no mortal diſputes, and what aſcertains no part of the argument, namely, that ſir James and ſir Thomas Tirrel were brothers.

But though I veil my bonnet with all due deference to the preſident's genealogic abilities, he will excuſe me, if I have not quite the ſame deference for his arguments, which, with ſubmiſſion, I ſhall now ſhow to be as ill-grounded as his conjectures.

The very expreſſion that the younger brother *occupied* the office of maſter of the horſe, and that the elder *was* maſter of the horſe in leſs than two

months, would have ſtruck any other man but the preſident, I believe, that the younger brother officiated for the elder. But this is nothing to the inference the preſident draws from this imaginary diſgrace of the junior. It immediately makes him ſee, that while the younger was executing this high employment, the elder was an obſcure fellow, of little note, and therefore proper to be recommended by one does not know whom, as a ready villain, proper for an aſſaſſination. He was, indeed, "maſter of the king's hengemen or pages; conſequently it was his duty to be attendant on the king, and probably to ſleep in his antichamber, whilſt the pages themſelves were employed in menial offices nearer the royal perſon." Theſe are the dean's words; and he adds, it is in no reſpect improbable that he ſhould be ſeen in the king's antichamber, where Richard firſt propoſed to him the murder of his two nephews.

Now muſt I aſk the dean ſeriouſly, whether it was from not underſtanding his own language, or from wilful perverſion of my words, that he pretends I argued as if I thought it not likely that ſir James Tirrel might be ſeen in Richard's antichamber. I never ſaid any ſuch thing: whoever will read my book will ſee I never uſed ſo ſilly an argument; and I muſt repeat, the dean wilfully or ignorantly miſtakes my words when he aſcribes ſuch a meaning to them.

I ſaid, and I repeat it, that ſir James Tirrel was an officer of too high rank to be deſcribed in the abſurd manner by which he is painted by ſir Thomas More. I ſaid, and I repeat it, that there is not common ſenſe in the tale there told; that an uſurper would not go to Warwick to diſpatch orders for a murder to be committed in London, which he had juſt left, without taking any ſteps towards the murder. I ſaid, that it was not likely that a page ſhould recommend a great officer of the crown to the king for an aſſaſſin; and it was ſtill leſs likely, as ſir James was already in great favour with his maſter. I aſk the dean, who is ſo able a courtier and politician, whether he thinks a menial ſervant would recommend for a murder one of the principal officers of the court? And I am ſo hardy as ſtill to call ſir James Tirrel ſo, though he did not *occupy* the office of maſter of the horſe till two months after the time I had aſſigned. Maſter of the hengemen was a place of great truſt—that maſter of the hengemen was brother to the perſon who at leaſt then

then officiated as maſter of the horſe: and what is worſe, Mr. Preſident, who unfortunately does not perceive the importance of the materials he handles, owns that ſir James, in the reign of Edward the fourth, had been a commiſſioner for executing—what?—the office of high-conſtable of England, the firſt office in the kingdom, an office ſuppreſſed by Henry the eighth on account of its dangerous and almoſt unbounded power; and he owns likewiſe that ſir James had been made a knight banneret by Richard in Scotland that very year—and be it noticed, that bannerets were created only by the king or commander in chief, when they themſelves were preſent in the field; and that nothing but ſignal bravery entitled any man in thoſe martial ages to ſo diſtinguiſhed an honour. After this, the dean or any man elſe is welcome to believe, that when Richard bemoaned himſelf to one of his pages that he could not find an aſſaſſin, the ſaid nameleſs page replied, "Sir, there lieth one in the palet-chamber without that I dare ſay will do your grace pleaſure; the thing were right hard that he would refuſe."

But I have not done with Mr. Preſident yet; I muſt taſk him a little farther. Though he owned that I detected ſir Thomas More in one falſification, how comes he himſelf to quote him for another, in which I had detected him likewiſe? Sir Thomas More had ſaid that Tirrel "had a high heart, and ſore longed upwards, not riſing ſo faſt as he hoped, being hindered and kept under by ſir Richard Ratcliffe and ſir William Cateſby." I had ſhowed the impoſſibility of this being true, and alſo that Ratcliffe was abſent at Pontefract. Where is the dean's candour in ſuppreſſing that detection? Does he think he avoids it by quoting Hall, inſtead of ſir Thomas More, though Hall uſes More's own words?

But before the preſident can wind up my complete confutation, he is ſo kind as to furniſh me with another inſtance of his judgment, which I cannot paſs by. In pinning down ſir James Tirrel's promotion to the preciſe moment eſtabliſhed by More, he drops theſe words: It happened "immediately before the creation of Richard's ſon, prince of Wales, an event to which the lives of the two princes ſeemed to be the only obſtacle." Mr. Preſident, your readers and I muſt again aſk whether you know what you ſay? Do you commonly argue in this manner? What! were they an obſtacle to the father's making his ſon prince of Wales, when they had not been

an obſtacle to his making himſelf king? For what reaſon? How, why were they an obſtacle? Deign to inform us—or, if you cannot, as I firmly believe you cannot, I will inform you how they might be an obſtacle, though you will not like the reaſon—and yet you ought to like it, for it is again drawn from your oracle ſir Thomas More. If Richard, as ſir Thomas aſſerts, had inſinuated that he intended to reſtore the crown to his eldeſt nephew, it would have been a moſt haſty and indecent contradiction to have created his ſon prince of Wales. Thus you ſee how you ought to have argued; and you may ſee too, that when you get hold of a good argument, it is without knowing it. In the mean time you have reduced yourſelf to this alternative: if Richard did not pretend, or had not pretended to intend to reſtore his nephew, there is no ſenſe in ſaying that there was more reaſon for not making his own ſon prince of Wales, than there had been for making himſelf king. If he did pretend ſuch a deſign, then treating his nephew with honour, and exhibiting him at his own coronation as king in futuro, was but part of the ſame policy, and is confirmed by the entry of deliveries for Edward in the account of Richard's coronation. You have allowed that Richard deferred creating his ſon prince of Wales, as is certain; but you avoid the only obvious reaſon for it, and have recourſe to one that is no reaſon at all.

I will go a ſtep farther, ſir, and aſſiſt you a little in your confutation—— nay, if you provoke me, I will anſwer my book myſelf, to ſhow you how you ſhould have anſwered it. Do not you then perceive, ſir, that my hypotheſis of Edward's walking at his uncle's coronation by no means deſtroys the ſuppoſed murder? You have been ſo raſh as to pin it down to the preciſe moment aſſigned by ſir Thomas More, which is incredible: but had you admitted, according to the wardrobe-account, that Edward walked, or it was intended ſhould walk, at his uncle's inveſtiture, you would have exhibited Richard as an artful uſurper, inſtead of making him the clumſy fool he appears in yours and ſir Thomas's narrative. When he treated his nephew with honour, produced him in robes like his own, talked of reſtoring the crown to him, and refrained from declaring his own ſon his ſucceſſor, he acted like an artful politician, and might hope to blind the people by this hypocriſy, and give a better colour to his nephew's death, if he intended afterwards to take him off, and give out that he died a natural death. Which

was

was the caſe I have never pretended to ſay. That he murdered the younger brother, is another queſtion; and I fear, ſir, you muſt confute all I have ſaid on Perkin Warbeck, before you will be able to eſtabliſh the affirmative. At preſent you will excuſe me if I do not aſſiſt you in that taſk too, till I find you a more hopeful ſcholar.

And now to conclude—Do you really expect that your readers will believe the murder, becauſe I called a ſquare book a roll, becauſe Piers Curteys charged his deliveries in the moſt improper place in which he could place them, and becauſe you have produced a pedigree of the Tirrels? I ſay nothing of your arguments, becauſe I think you will adhere to any thing rather than to them. Or ſhall I be perſuaded that it was not intended Edward the fifth ſhould walk at Richard's coronation, though you have corroborated all my reaſons for believing ſo? And ſhall I give up a long chain of argument, founded on the abſurdities, falſehoods and contradictions of your authorities, and ſupported by facts and dates? No, ſir, I am ſure you are too modeſt to make ſuch a requeſt; and though out of deference to you I have done what I had declared I would not do, that is, anſwer two or three immaterial and detached cavils, picked and culled out of at leaſt a dozen pages of arguments, as I have drawn them up at the end of my work; and though you have uſed all your endeavours in ſifting and torturing the coronation-roll (for I again dare to call it ſo), to make it refute me, yet I cannot pay you the compliment of ſaying that you have ſatisfied one of my doubts. If the book deſerved the honour of being anſwered by you, it deſerved to be anſwered like a man. Take it, ſhow the weakneſs of it, pull the arguments to pieces from beginning to end: make ſenſe of the tale of Perkin—it is a ſtale ſhift in controverſy to beſtow names inſtead of arguments, eſpecially when we cannot anſwer. Prove that Perkin was an impoſtor; it is below you to avoid the challenge by calling it a ſtrange tale. For your own ſake, and for the honour of the ſociety, I wiſh to ſee a better anſwer to my work ſtand in our Memoirs than that you have tacked to the firſt volume. I ſhall rejoice at it, though you have acted ſo differently from what you yourſelf have pronounced a merit in your predeceſſor; in whoſe panegyric, page lxiii, you ſay, "His literary merit with the ſociety received an additional luſtre from the affability of his temper, the gentleneſs of his manners, and the benevolence of his heart, *which united every member of the ſociety in eſteem to their*

their head, and in harmony and friendſhip to each other." The late biſhop of Carliſle, I am apt to think, would not have deemed controverſy the nurſing mother of concord. Indeed, ſir, had I ſeen your Obſervations previouſly to their publication, I ſhould have been ſtrangely divided in my inclinations—for my own ſake, I ſhould have wiſhed you to publiſh them; for yours, to ſuppreſs them. You have ſaved me from a difficulty, and I thank you; and, as a proof of my gratitude, I wiſh to ſee a mitre adorn your brow. The moſt exemplary fathers of the church have not always been the beſt logicians.

Aug. 28, 1770.

FINIS.

SHORT OBSERVATIONS ON The Remarks of the Rev. Mr. Maſters, ON The HISTORIC DOUBTS,

Publiſhed in the ſecond Volume of the ARCHÆOLOGIA.

A NEW knight having entered the liſts in the controverſy concerning Richard III. I ſhall beſtow a few words on his notes, though with much circumſpection; for, although he profeſſes to condemn me, he has contributed ſo much to the diſcomfit of my adverſaries, that I cannot but be obliged to him for having furniſhed me with new weapons, which though he brought into the field againſt me, he has, by miſtake, directed againſt them. Why he oppoſes me, though thinking as I do, I cannot tell; perhaps he can. It ſhall be my buſineſs notwithſtanding to ſet him right, and to ſhow him that his arguments, as far as they have any meaning, ſupport mine, and tend to confirm my doubts.

He ſays I aſſert facts on the ſlighteſt evidence againſt the common current of almoſt all the cotemporary hiſtorians.

Anſwer. There were but two cotemporary hiſtorians, Fabian, and the author of the Chronicle of Croyland. I have quoted the firſt to ſhow that Richard did not murder Edward prince of Wales, ſon of Henry VI. and to

the ſecond I have appealed for the ſame cauſe and many other facts. I have laid the ſame ſtreſs on the continuator of the Chronicle as Mr. Maſters does (vide p. 16 of Hiſt. Doubts). Is this the proof of my rejecting his authority?

Fabian ſays prince Edward was ſlain by the king's ſervants—Mr. Maſters concludes *ſervants* mean *great men;* but they muſt mean the king's brothers too, or Richard, even from Fabian's words, cannot be included in the charge. Mr. Maſters, to prove *ſervants* mean what the term cannot mean, *the king's own brothers*, produces the phraſe I had quoted from the Chronicle, *ultricibus quorundam manibus;* and in that very phraſe too finds the *quorundam* to mean *the king's brothers:* that is, he finds that the loweſt term implies the higheſt. Was I in the wrong to ſay that he is on my ſide without knowing it? Or will he be ſo good as to quote a paſſage in any tolerable author, in which ſuch a term as *ſomebody or other* is uſed to ſignify the firſt men in a nation? If an hiſtorian, deſcribing the death of Hotſpur at the battle of Shrewſbury, had ſaid, *he was ſlain by one knows not whom*, ſhould we have ever gueſſed that he was killed by Henry prince of Wales?

As in the next article, the murder of Henry VI, Mr. Maſters ſeems not to know his own opinion, I ſhall paſs it over without a remark.

On the murder of Clarence he is equally uncertain. But he thinks my argument drawn from Edward's complaint of no man's interceding for Clarence, confutes the authorities I have quoted for Richard's openly reſiſting Clarence's death. If interceſſion and open reſiſtance are ſynonimous terms, I own I have argued ill: if they are not, Mr. Maſters does not argue very well.

But I have called in queſtion the authority of ſir Thomas More's Hiſtory. True, I have; and Raſtell's Chronicle, written many years after by ſir Thomas More's own brother-in-law, ſhows that I had ſome reaſon for ſo doing. If ſir Thomas's account received from archbiſhop Morton was authentic, could it be doubtful ſo many years afterwards? Is it credible that Raſtell ſhould never have ſeen ſir Thomas's Hiſtory? And if it was genuine, could Raſtell, brother and printer to its author, give two other different accounts of the deaths of Edward V. and his brother? Were More and Raſtell ſo nearly allied and ſo intimate, and yet did neither communicate his work to the other?

When Raſtell wrote his Chronicle, would not ſir Thomas have aſked, why he reported vague, abſurd and improbable tales of their deaths, when he himſelf had given the only certain account from the beſt authority? When Raſtell did not believe the narrative of his own brother-in-law, am I ſo very culpable for queſtioning it? If Mr. Maſters was good at reconciling contradictions, I would entreat him to ſolve theſe. Till he has, I muſt beg leave to rank him on my ſide; as he muſt either doubt with me, or believe contradictions.

I am again warranted to claim this gentleman as the ſupporter of my opinion, by his owning in p. 204 that the parliament-roll (which I have quoted, but, with leave, never plumed myſelf on having diſcovered) aſſerts the precontract of Edward IV. with the lady Eleanor Butler. But Mr. Maſters goes much farther; and, to the confuſion of our antagoniſts, ſhows that ſhe probably broke her heart on the king's marriage. I ſhould not have been bold enough to go ſo far, but am obliged to him for taking that taſk on himſelf. Why he ſays a few lines higher, that it might as well have been Lucy as Butler, when he has proved it was Butler, I cannot conceive. But as he aſſiſts me with new proofs, I will not quarrel with him for a diſpoſition to contradict me.

I am ſorry his arguments againſt me are weaker than the facts he furniſhes me with—but what can I ſay to ſuch reaſoning as this? *If lady Eleanor Butler was dead, as ſhe certainly was, long before the birth of Edward* V. *this ſurely could not be a proper foundation of his illegitimacy*, p. 205. I will not dwell on the context of this argument, which is, that if ſhe was not dead when Edward V. was born, it would have been a foundation for baſtardizing him; which implies that ſhe had been married to Edward IV.—But can a divine really know ſo little of the canon law, as to think that the death of a lawful wife legitimates ipſo facto the iſſue of children born of an illegal wife? If lady Eleanor Butler was Edward's lawful wife, lady Gray could not become his lawful wife by a marriage performed during lady Eleanor's life. To make her his lawful wife, he muſt have married her again on Eleanor's death, or the pope muſt at leaſt have legitimated her children. Even in theſe times an illegal marriage does not become a valid one, unleſs, as lady Wiſhfor't ſays, by an iteration of nuptials. A very recent and celebrated

cauſe confirms this doctrine. Did not the laſt earl of Angleſea marry his ſecond wife again after the death of the firſt?

What the ſcope or even the meaning of the next paragraph is, I proteſt I cannot comprehend. What is the meaning of lady Catherine Stafford marrying her father's grandſon? In Engliſh, it would imply that ſhe married her nephew. Did ſhe? In Edmondſon's Peerage, I find that lady Catherine Stafford had by John Talbot earl of Shrewſbury a daughter named Anne, wife of the lord Boteler or Butler of Sudley. As there appears no other female Talbot who married a lord Butler, it was natural to ſuppoſe that the chriſtian name of *Anne* was put for Catherine; a miſtake ſo common in voluminous genealogies, that no man of ſenſe can wonder at it. Dugdale ſays the ſame, and makes the lady Butler grand-daughter of the duke of Buckingham—Thus, if Buck miſled me, Dugdale miſled him. But Raphe Brooke, p. 196, makes Eleanor lady Butler, as Mr. Maſters does, daughter of John Talbot firſt earl of Shrewſbury by his ſecond wife Margaret Beauchamp. Indeed Brooke, nor any man elſe, I believe, but Mr. Maſters ever ſaid that a woman was *deſcended* from her own father. Mr. Maſters, taking half of my argument for the whole, by a licence frequent in controverſy, ſays, that to magnify her deſcent I make her of the royal family: I have ſaid *ſhe was ſiſter of the earl of Shrewſbury, one of the greateſt peers in the kingdom, and grand-daughter of the duke of Buckingham, a prince of the blood; an alliance in that age never reckoned unſuitable.* I could not be abſurd enough to ſay a princeſs of the blood was in that age not reckoned a match unſuitable to the crown. I muſt have meant that a ſiſter of one great peer and grand-daughter of another deſcended from Edward III. muſt have ſtruck the nation as a properer match for the king than the widow Gray—and Mr. Maſters, with his uſual kindneſs in aſſiſting me, affirms that lady Eleanor was grand-daughter of the great Beauchamp earl of Warwick, and niece of the ducheſs of Norfolk, beſides being daughter of the firſt hero of the age. Are not my arguments wonderfully invalidated by ſuch contradiction?

For the wardrobe-account, I will refer the reader to my anſwer to Dr. Milles. For the reſt of Mr. Maſters's opinions, containing neither new facts nor arguments, I ſhall leave them to make for or againſt me as they may. One inſtance of his candour I will mention. I have aſked why the evidence of the queen-mother, of her daughters, and of a thouſand others who had

ſeen Richard duke of York in his childhood, was not demanded to prove that Perkin Warbeck was an impoſtor. Mr. Maſters has diſcovered that the queen-dowager was dead: and one of a legion being dead, he thinks it very fair to ſet aſide all the reſt. It is juſt what has been done by all my anſwerers. They have picked and culled disjointed paſſages here and there, jumped at a trifling anachroniſm or two, ſhunned, carefully ſhunned the thread of the argument, dreaded and fled from the repeated queſtion on Tirrel's evidence, on which I offered to reſt the whole, and taken care to make no reply to the table of arguments that I have recapitulated at the end. Inſtead of this manly mode of logical argumentation, they have recourſe to clamours on great names, and aſk me how I dare diſpute the authorities of ſuch men as More and Bacon? Mr. Maſters, the laſt of my anſwerers, is even offended that I laugh at three chancellors. I hope a fourth will reward Him, and then I ſhall laugh at four.

But I have not incurred this gentleman's diſpleaſure for making free with chancellors alone: he feels even for popiſh biſhops, and in p. 214 reproves my reflections on the catholic clergy who condemned Jane Shore. Yet the very cenſures that I paſs on *holy perſons*, are decent, commendable, in ſound divines. A holy perſon may call downright names; with impunity he may, in very coarſe terms, abuſe a prelate, who was both biſhop and *chancellor*. In ſhort, Mr. Maſters, in p. 206, ſays of doctor Stillington biſhop of Bath and chancellor, that he was a time-ſerving, revengeful prelate, and acted the part of a pimp to king Edward. That I deſpiſe *monkiſh* hiſtorians is moſt certain, (v. p. 200 of the Archæol.) and for theſe reaſons, becauſe they are partial, bigoted to authority, inaccurate, and generally incapable of reaſoning: becauſe they illiberally vilify thoſe who are not of their opinion, and yet deny the ſmalleſt liberty of cenſure to others: and, above all, becauſe they prefer abſurd traditions to the inveſtigation of truth, and cannot ſee a ſun-beam break into their cell, without being ready to cry Fire! So much do they apprehend the detection of error, ſo much do they think faith and darkneſs involved in one common cauſe. Sir Thomas More and lord Bacon repeat over and over that the murders of the children were uncertain. The true believers, that is the credulous, inſiſt on believing that More and Bacon believed what they ſay they did not believe, for could they believe what they declare was uncertain? Was it poſſible for two men of ſuch acute

and

and penetrating genius as More and Bacon to believe that a king and his brother were murdered, that the crime was confeſſed by the perpetrators, and yet that the fact remained uncertain? A monkiſh hiſtorian may relate ſuch a legend, but one muſt be a monk or an antiquary to give him credit.

Here therefore I take my leave of All who think credulity in ancient fables a couſin-german of faith, and that great names can legitimate baſtard tales by having ſtood godfathers to them, even though the ſponſors have regiſtered their doubts on the ſpuriouſneſs of the babes they have uſhered into the world.

Whilſt I had the honour of being member of the Society of Antiquaries, I uſed my weak endeavours to promote the ſtudy of antiquities by publiſhing ancient pieces really valuable or intrinſically curious; at the ſame time taking the liberty of blending criticiſm and free diſcuſſion with the paſſion I had for the remains of paſt ages; not having quite ſo much ſuperſtition or bigotry as to think that time can ſtamp value on every thing it has ſpared, merely by not having deſtroyed it. I went ſo far as to hold, that popular lies do not acquire the force of truth ſolely by having been handed down to us—an opinion, which I confeſs does not a little claſh with the dignity of oral tradition. I have found my error: the preſident of our learned ſociety, and the reverend Mr. Maſters, diſapproved of my making common ſenſe the touchſtone of legends which two great men had adopted, and three centuries had conſecrated. The immortal volumes of our ſociety, the *Archæologia*, which I was once ſo irreverent as to interpret *old women's logic*, will for ever record my condemnation. The tales, which the acute ſceptic Hume thought himſelf called upon in honour to uphold, only becauſe he had from idleneſs adopted them, are now irrefragably eſtabliſhed in the annals of the ſociety, amidſt ſo many profound reſearches and conjectures on Daniſh inſcriptions, and Saxon epitaphs in Latin on obſcure Romiſh prieſts, thoſe relics of ignorant and barbarous ages, of late become the darling occupation of the learned. Richard the Third and I are left to the mercy of that futile poſterity, who ſhall be content with the trifling amuſement of reaſoning and argumentation; while the more enlightened ſhall be ſuſtained in their faith by the authority of ſuch great names as thoſe of More, Bacon, Milles, and Maſters.

Convinced

Convinced of my unworthineſs to fill a ſeat in ſo ſolid an aſſembly, I reſigned my place: and though I ſhall no more diſturb the repoſe of their *erudite* and *recondite* volumes, I ſhall wait with impatience for the moment when the venerable academy ſhall oblige the public with their lucubrations on the hiſtory of Whittington and his cat *.

POSTSCRIPT TO MY HISTORIC DOUBTS,

Written in FEBRUARY 1793.

IT is afflictive to have lived to find in an age called not only civilized but enlightened, in this eighteenth century, that ſuch horrors, ſuch unparalleled crimes have been diſplayed on the moſt conſpicuous theatre in Europe, in Paris the rival of Athens and Rome, that I am forced to allow that a multiplicity of crimes, which I had weakly ſuppoſed were too manifold and too abſurd to have been perpetrated even in a very dark age, and in a northern iſland not only not commencing to be poliſhed, but enured to barbarous manners, and hardened by long and barbarous civil wars amongſt princes and nobility ſtrictly related—Yes, I muſt *now* believe that any atrocity may have been attempted or practiſed by an ambitious prince of the blood aiming at the crown in the fifteenth century. I *can* believe (I do not ſay I do) that Richard duke of Glouceſter dipped his hand in the blood of the ſaint-like Henry the ſixth, though ſo revolting and injudicious an act as to excite the indignation of mankind againſt him. I can now believe that he contrived the death of his own brother Clarence—and I can think it poſſible, inconceivable as it was, that he aſperſed the chaſtity of his own mother, in order to baſtardize the offſpring of his eldeſt brother; for all theſe extravagant exceſſes have been exhibited in the compaſs of five years by a monſter, by a

* Though the author pays the ſociety the compliment of having left them on a ſenſe of his own unworthineſs, he did not really withdraw his name from their regiſter, till their conſultation on the ſtory of Whittington and his cat had been brought on the ſtage by Foote, and had made them ridiculous; as the author of theſe pages intimated in a letter to their ſecretary; not thinking he was obliged to ſhare in the ridicule of follies, in which he had no part. H. W.

royal duke, who has actually ſurpaſſed all the guilt imputed to Richard the third, and who, devoid of Richard's courage, has acted his enormities openly, and will leave it impoſſible to any future writer, however diſpoſed to candour, to entertain one *hiſtoric doubt* on the abominable actions of Philip duke of Orleans.

After long plotting the death of his ſovereign, a victim as holy as, and infinitely ſuperior in ſenſe and many virtues to, Henry VI. Orleans has dragged that ſovereign to the block, and purchaſed his execution in public, as in public he voted for it.

If to the aſſaſſination of a brother (like the ſuppoſed complicity of Glouceſter to that of Clarence) Orleans has not yet concurred; ſtill, when early in the revolution he was plotting the murder of the king, being warned by an aſſociate that he would be detected, he ſaid, "No; for I will have my (natural) brother the abbé de St. Far ſtabbed too, and then nobody will ſuſpect *me* of being concerned in the murder of my own brother."—So ably can the aſſaſſins of an enlightened age refine on and ſurpaſs the atrocious deeds of Goths and Barbarians!

Shade of Richard of Glouceſter! if my weak pen has been able to waſh one bloody ſpeck, one incredible charge from *your* character, can I but acknowledge that Philip of Orleans has ſullied my varniſh, and at leaſt has weakened all the arguments that I drew from the improbability of *your* having waded ſo deeply into wickedneſs and impudence that recoiled on yourſelf, as to calumniate your own mother with adultery. If *you* did, it was to injure the children of your brother—ſtill *you* had not the ſenſeleſs, ſhameleſs effrontery to ſhake your own legitimacy.—Philip of Orleans mocks your pitiful ſelf-partiality—He in perſon, and not by proxy, has declared his own mother a ſtrumpet, has baſtardized himſelf, and for ever degraded his children as progeny deſcended from a coachman!——For what glory, for what object, far be it from me to conjecture!—Who would have a mind congenial enough to that of ſuch a monſter, as to be able to gueſs at his motives?

FINIS.

AEDES WALPOLIANAE:

OR, A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

COLLECTION OF PICTURES

AT

Houghton-Hall in Norfolk,

The SEAT of the Right Honorable

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,

EARL OF ORFORD.

Artiſts and Plans reliev'd my ſolemn Hours;
I founded Palaces, and planted Bow'rs.

PRIOR's Solomon.

TO

LORD ORFORD.

SIR,

YOU will eaſily perceive how different this addreſs is from other dedications. They are generally calculated, by praiſing the noble, the powerful, the rich, to engage protection and favour to the work: and when the timidity or obſcurity of the author may be prejudicial to his book, he borrows virtue from other men to patronize and ſhelter his own blemiſhes.

This is not the caſe of what I offer: it is a work of your own; a plain deſcription of the effects of your own taſte. If I deſigned to compliment you, the book itſelf would ſupply me with topics. If I mentioned the ornaments of the houſe, your ſtar, your coronet are panegyrics on your nobility; the true nobility, as you are the fountain of it in our family; and, however the ſenſe of the world may differ from me, I own I had rather be the firſt peer of my race than the hundredth.

Your power and your wealth ſpeak themſelves in the grandeur of the whole building.——And give me leave to ſay, ſir, your enjoying the latter, after loſing the former, is the brighteſt proof how honeſt were the foundations of both.

Could

Could thoſe virtuous men your father and grandfather ariſe from yonder church, how would they be amazed to ſee this noble edifice and ſpacious plantations, where once ſtood their plain homely dwelling! How would they be ſatisfied to find only the manſion-houſe, not the morals of the family altered!

May it be long, ſir, ere you join them! And oh! as you wear no ſtain from them, may you receive no diſgrace from

Your dutiful

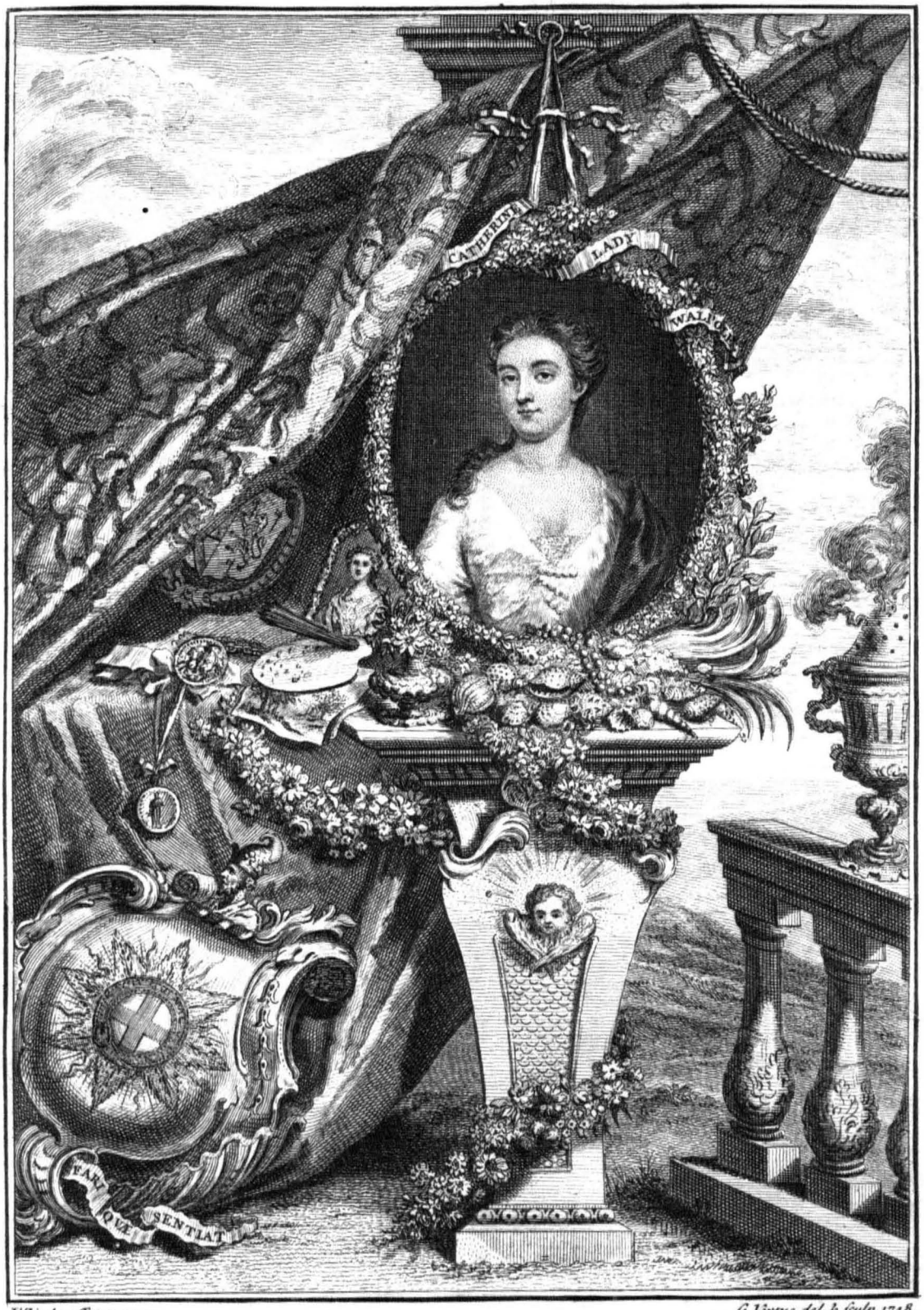
HOUGHTON,
Aug. 24, 1743.

And affectionate Son,

HORACE WALPOLE.

F. Zinke effig. p. 1744

G. Vertue del. & sculp. 1748.



F. Zinke effig. p. 1735

G. Vertue del. & sculp. 1748.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following account of lord Orford's collection of pictures, is rather intended as a catalogue than a deſcription of them. The mention of cabinets in which they have formerly been, with the addition of the meaſures, will contribute to aſcertain their originality, and be a kind of pedigree to them.

In Italy, the native ſoil of almoſt all *virtù*, deſcriptions of great collections are much more common and much more ample. The princes and noblemen there, who loved and countenanced the ARTS, were fond of letting the world know the curioſities in their poſſeſſion. There is ſcarce a large collection of medals but is in print. Their gems, their ſtatues, and antiquities, are all publiſhed. But the moſt pompous works of this ſort are the Ædes Barbarinæ and Giuſtinianæ, the latter of which are now extremely ſcarce and dear.

Commerce, which carries along with it the curioſities and arts of countries, as well as the riches, daily brings us ſomething from Italy. How many valuable collections of pictures are there eſtabliſhed in England on the frequent ruins and diſperſion of the fineſt galleries in Rome and other cities! Moſt of the famous Pallavicini collection have been brought over; many of them are actually at Houghton. When I was in Italy, there were to be ſold the Sagredo collection at Venice, thoſe of the Zambeccari and ſan Pieri palaces at Bologna; and at Rome, thoſe of the * Sacchetti and cardinal Ottoboni †; and of that capital one I mentioned, the Barbarini: but the

* The Sacchetti collection has been ſince purchaſed by pope Benedict XIV. and placed in the capitol.

† I bought the famous buſt of Veſpaſian in baſaltes, at this cardinal's ſale.

extravagant prices affixed had hindered the latter from being broken. Statues are not ſo numerous, and conſequently come ſeldomer, beſides that the chief are prohibited from being ſold out of Rome: a ſilent proof that the ſums ſent thither for purchaſes are not thrown away, ſince the prohibition aroſe from the profits flowing into the city by the concourſe of ſtrangers who travel to viſit the pictures and ſtatues there. For however common and more reaſonable the pretext, I believe, ten travel to ſee the curioſities of a country, for one who makes a journey to acquaint himſelf with the manners, cuſtoms, and policy of the inhabitants.

There are not a great many collections left in Italy more worth ſeeing than this at Houghton: in the preſervation of the pictures, it certainly excells moſt of them. That noble one in the Borgheſe palace at Rome is almoſt deſtroyed by the damps of the apartment where it is kept.

The Italian collections are far more numerous and more general. Lord Orford could not meet with a few very principal hands: but there are enough here for any man who ſtudies painting to form very true ideas of moſt of the chief ſchools, and to acquaint himſelf with moſt of the chief hands. Knowledge of this ſort is only to be learnt from pictures themſelves. The numerous volumes wrote on this art have only ſerved to perplex it. No ſcience has had ſo much jargon introduced into it as painting: the bombaſt expreſſion of the Italians, and the prejudices and affectation of the French, joined to the vanity of the profeſſors, and the intereſted myſteriouſneſs of picture-merchants, have altogether compiled a new language. 'Tis almoſt eaſier to diſtinguiſh the hands of the maſters, than to decypher the cant of the virtuoſi. Nor is there any ſcience whoſe productions are of ſo capricious and uncertain a value. As great as are the prices of fine pictures, there is no judging from them of the ſeveral merits of the painters; there does not ſeem to be any ſtandard of eſtimation. You hear a virtuoſo talk in raptures of Raphael, of Coreggio's grace, and Titian's colouring: and yet the ſame man, in the ſame breath, will talk as enthuſiaſtically of any of the firſt maſters, who wanted all the excellencies of all the three. You will perhaps ſee more paid for a picture of Andrea del Sarto, whoſe colouring was a mixture of miſt and tawdry, whoſe drawing hard and forced, than for the moſt graceful air of a Madonna that ever flowed from the pencil of Guido. And as for the Dutch painters, thoſe drudging mimicks of nature's moſt uncomely coarſeneſſes, do not their

earthen